

MIDEAST CHINA

DATELINE 1974

VIETNAM EUROPE WASHINGTON

THE YEAR OF THE REPORTER

Overseas Press Club Of America

To the American Media:

The CHALLENGE of the "SUPER-NUKES"

The technical feasibility of building 600,000 DWT tankers,
each longer than the height of the World Trade Center Towers, has been established.
And by computer projection of the inexorable increases in the cost of fossil fuel,
the economics of operating the super-nukes is equally viable.

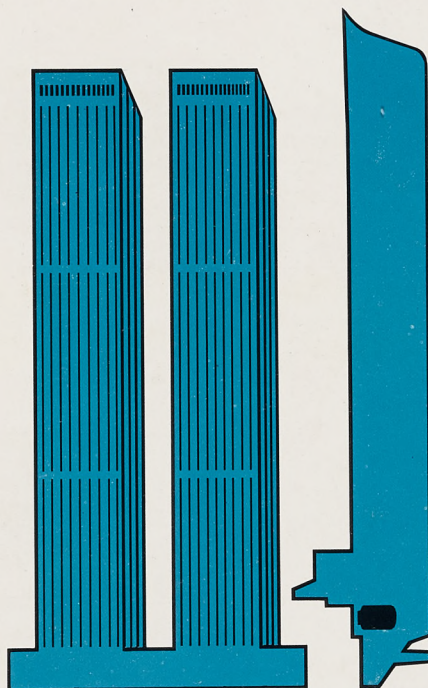
And those dollar measurements—a new Plimsoll line in shipping—apply to super-nukes built in American shipyards, manned by American crews, flying the American flag, on "piston runs" between the Persian Gulf and U.S. superports—superports which have yet to be built anywhere in America, though some 40 operate in the rest of the world.

It should be noted, in recognizing how far American merchant shipping lags behind the rest of the world in volume and productivity, that *million-ton tankers* are already on the drawing boards of other nations.

It is a simple statement of fact that the "N.S. Savannah," part of President Eisenhower's "Atoms-for-Peace" program, did prove the technical, and psychological viability of nuclear propulsion a decade ago. She went into 45 ports of the world, cruised more than 450,000 miles without incident or accident—before she was moth-balled into a museum by shortsighted men who charged that she couldn't be operated at a profit.

Of course not! Originally designed as a tanker, at the urging of a persuasive member of your profession, C. D. Jackson of *Life Magazine*, a trusted adviser of President Eisenhower, the "Savannah" design was changed to a mix of passengers and cargo, to be a "show ship" to sell the safety of nuclear propulsion. She was not designed to make money; she was designed to make friends. Mission accomplished.

And so we lost the lead we once had; German and Japanese governments and shipbuilders, and the Soviets with the nuclear ice-breaker, "The Lenin," picked up where we



World Trade Center
Twin Towers - 1,350 Ft. High

Super-Nuke
600,000 DWT Tanker

"If any American oil company, or any other American operator, wants to take over the super-nukes at our cost up to the point of take-over, welcome aboard! All we want is to get them built—in an American yard, before another country builds them first."



dropped out of the race. And even in combat nukes, developed by Admiral Rickover for the U.S. Navy, there are more combat nukes, on and under the seas, *flying foreign flags than the American flag.*

More than 90% of the airlift of the Free World, combat and commercial, is "Made-in-America." We can still win a *matching market on the oceans* of the world with Made-in-America nukes.

But how can we persuade America to *move*? Move now—move fast, to capture that market for nuclear propulsion? Maybe we need another Archimedes, the ancient Greek who discovered the lever and the pulley—they also work in politics and the art of persuasion.

The late William Laurence, Science Editor of *The New York Times*, used levers and pulleys and the power of print and the telephone and one-on-one persuasion to nudge, needle, push and pull The Roosevelt White House into Manhattan Project, to beat Hitler to the Atomic Bomb; it could be argued that Bill Laurence did more than two historic letters from Einstein to move President Roosevelt.

What Byline from what Dateline can move *this* White House, and *this* Congress, to harness nuclear power at sea for *peaceful* competition in world trade?

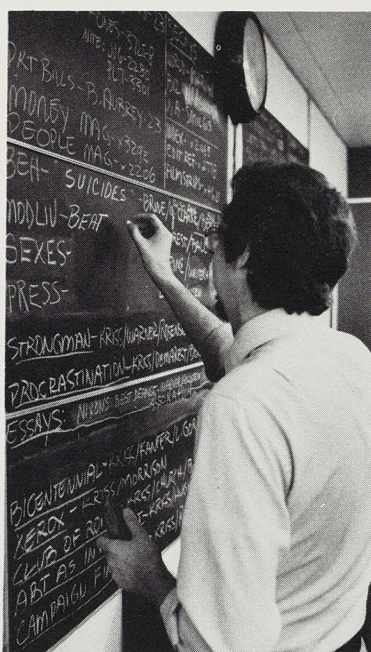
Gentlemen, and ladies, we need your help for that task.

Respectfully and very sincerely,

George P. Livanos, President
Seres Shipping, Inc.
One World Trade Center, New York City, N.Y. 10048

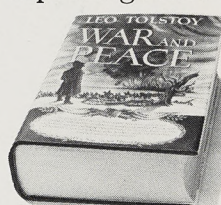


We write War and Peace once a week.



We produce an issue of *Dateline* once in a blue moon. But weekly, TIME correspondents do file a volume of words bigger than Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. And from the 600,000 words that pour into TIME's editors, each week's issue is distilled.

No other newsmagazine starts with so much information. Because, for one thing, no other has anything approaching TIME's reporting staff: 450 correspondents and



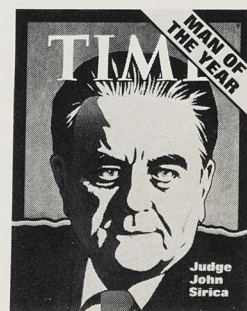
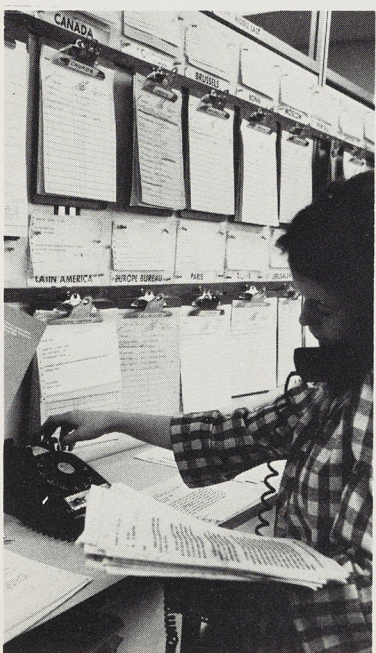
stringers working out of 30 editorial offices around the world. And no other has the journalistic research facilities, which last year handled 53,000 queries.

There's simply more substance in TIME. More color. More stories you won't find anywhere else. More of the small, human details that bring the news to life. More of the subtle lights and shadings of the real world.

More solidarity, too. Because what you read is just the tip of the iceberg. Underneath is that vast substructure of fact, analysis, personal insight—and experience—that always has set TIME apart from every other newsmagazine.

A busy person really can keep up with every important trend of thought in two hours reading a week.

That's why more people around the world get their news from TIME each week than from any other single news source.



Assignment: Equal Opportunity

Continental Can Company is the world's largest packaging manufacturer, mainly because of our innovation and technology. But we have something else in our veins besides packaging know-how. It's an awareness of what's right. Not just for our customers but for people.

Take equal opportunity; we know that's right. So we're using that same creative and innovative thinking that made us Number One by establishing the position of Manager of Manpower Development and Training, an assignment designed to concentrate on the hiring of minorities for management and management entry positions.

Our employment policy is quite simple and serious. When we hire someone it's because he or she can do the job. And our Manager of Manpower Development is seeing to it that there are no hang ups about race or sex. If we're going to have continued success, it's going to come from all kinds of people.

Continental Can Company, Inc.
633 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10017



Continental





*"I don't know who you are.
I don't know your company.
I don't know your company's product.
I don't know what your company stands for.
I don't know your company's customers.
I don't know your company's record.
I don't know your company's reputation.
Now—what was it you wanted to sell me?"*



MORAL: Sales start **before** your salesman calls—with business publication advertising.

McGRAW-HILL MAGAZINES
BUSINESS • PROFESSIONAL • TECHNICAL

The Firestone Steel Radial 500 can give you up to 30 extra miles from every tankful of gas you buy.

We've proved it. At our outdoor testing facility at Ft. Stockton, Texas, we matched our Steel Radial 500 against our original equipment belted bias tire.

The car was a 1973 four-door U.S. sedan. In 24 carefully controlled, constant speed runs under actual on-the-road conditions, we proved there actually is a tire that can save significantly on gasoline.

The Steel Radial 500 can save up to two gallons of gasoline per fillup in a 20 gallon tank (depending on how much start/stop driving you do.) Enough gas for 30 miles of driving if you're averaging 15 miles a gallon.

Ask your Firestone Dealer or Store for your free copy of the test data. It'll show you how to put extra trips into every tankful of gasoline you buy.

Plus 40,000 miles of Radial performance.

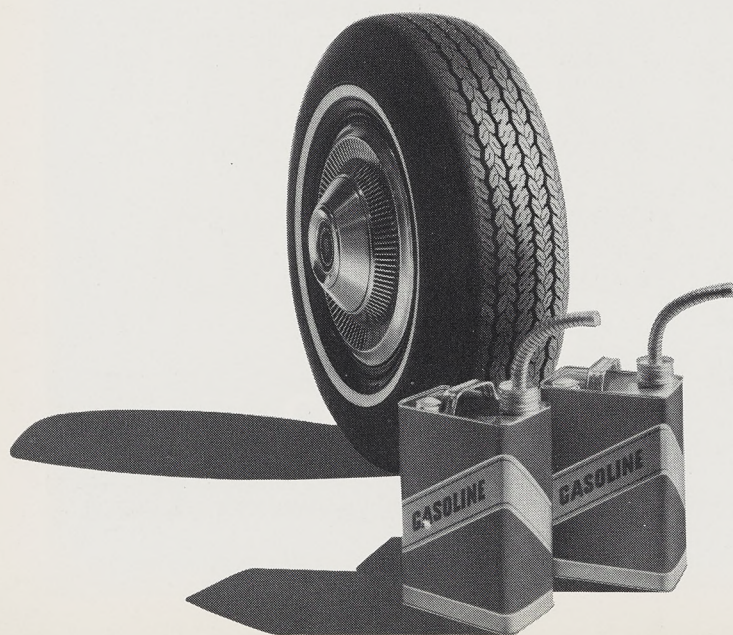
Firestone's Steel Radial 500 will give you 40,000 quick handling, positive steering gas-saving miles.

It's the radial tire that promises to "put steel between you and tire trouble." And makes it come true with two belts of high tensile steel cords.

It is the quiet running and quiet cornering radial. With a ride so smooth we can offer to buy them back if you don't like them, and we will give you seven days to find that out.

And when you buy a set of Steel Radial 500's, you have a choice of six different ways to charge them at most Firestone Dealers and Stores.

The one radial tire that's got it all, and you can get it only from Firestone.



Firestone Steel Radial 500 The Gas Saver

Another year of the Newsweek reporter:

1. Newspaper Guild of New York Page One Award. Honorable mention to photographer Ken Regan for "Kathy Rigby Competing in Olympics."
2. Detroit Press Club Foundation Professional Award to Vern Smith for "Detroit's Heroine Subculture."
3. White House News Press Association. First Prize in the Presidential photography category to Wally McNamee for President Nixon and Chou en Lai in Shanghai.
4. University of Connecticut G.M. Loeb Award to Clem Morgello for his column, "Wall Street."
5. Sigma Delta Chi Deadline Award to Newsweek for "World Trade—Can the U.S. Compete?" by Ann Scott and the Newsweek Business staff.
6. Claude Bernard Science Journalism Award. Honorable mention to Matt Clark for "Heart Attack: Curbing the Killer."
7. Association of Trial Lawyers of America National Award of Merit to David Alpern and the Newsweek staff for "Living With Crime, U.S.A."
8. National Headliners Club Award to Stewart Alsop for outstanding political reporting.
9. Newspaper Guild of New York Page One Award to Wally McNamee for his "Portrait of Chou en Lai."
10. Schick Award (Professional Football Writers of America) to Pete Axthelm for "The Running Backs."
11. University of Connecticut G.M. Loeb Achievement Award to Michael Ruby for "Global Companies: Too Big to Handle?"
12. INGAA-University of Missouri Award to the Newsweek Business staff for "The High Cost of Eating."
13. American Heart Association's Howard W. Blakeslee Award to Matt Clark for "Heart Attack: Curbing the Killer."
14. Thoroughbred Racing Associations' Eclipse Award to Pete Axthelm for "Superhorse Secretariat."
15. Newswomen's Club of New York Front Page Award to Shana Alexander for the column "Dinty Moore's Restaurant."

Newsweek
the world's most honored newsweekly

Up From Rocky's Bar

by JACK RAYMOND



Kit Luce

This year marks the 35th anniversary of the Overseas Press Club of America.

One can choose between April 2, 1939 and April 9 that year for the official birth date. On April 2, 42 Founding Members met at the Hotel Algonquin and agreed to form the O.P.C. A committee was assigned to draft a constitution. The process was completed at a second meeting on Easter Sunday, April 9.

The idea had developed a few weeks earlier when Wythe Williams, Sam Dashiell and Charles Ferlin were in Rocky's Bar in Greenwich Village reminiscing about their experiences as correspondents in Europe. Williams became the club's first president.

The original purpose of the O.P.C. was "to bring together men and women whose past and present activities in the service of the American press had given them common professional and social interests; to provide facilities for the expression of these interests; to promote good fellowship among the members and to encourage the highest standards of independence, democracy and professional skill in the American foreign press service."

That's still a pretty good statement of purpose, although it is no longer necessary for members to have had

overseas experience. Not only club economics but professional practice has served to broaden the base of membership.

In an era when any newsman with an air travel card can be whisked abroad by an assignment editor, it seemed anachronistic to retain overseas residential experience as a condition of membership—a condition that in the future might find the total membership of the club once again able to fit into Rocky's Bar.

Active membership is open to all currently employed reporters, writers, editors, photographers and most stringers and frequently published freelance writers engaged in news, feature or interpretative coverage for American-owned media.

For those applicants who are located overseas, one year of continuous service or five years of accumulated service is required, provided applicants are currently employed. Also eligible for active membership are public information officers located overseas for U.S. governmental agencies.

Associate membership in the club is open to persons with at least ten years' cumulative experience in journalism—not necessarily overseas journalism, it should be noted—as well as to those now assigned in the U.S. for foreign media and to press representatives of governmental and intergovernmental organizations.

Finally, a condition of membership that testifies to the club's desire to broaden its base is the acceptance as Affiliate Members of those whose business or professional work involves close relationship to or interest in journalism.

The conditions of membership are here reviewed because we are in a membership drive and—having just moved into fine new headquarters in the Hotel Biltmore—this may serve as a reminder of the central considerations in the club's original purpose, to bring together men and women with common professional and social interests, to provide facilities for the expression of those interests, to encourage the highest standards of independence, democracy and professional skill.

This issue of *Dateline* itself expresses that purpose in more than one way.

First of all, it celebrates the winners of the O.P.C.'s Annual Awards. Almost from the founding of the club, from 1942 to be exact, the O.P.C. has

honored outstanding performances in journalism.

And I think it is correct to say that next to the Pulitzer Prizes, the O.P.C. Awards have been the most respected in the country.

This issue of *Dateline* is significant for another reason. *Time* magazine was responsible for its entire editorial content and art direction, thus restoring a past practice particularly cherished by the O.P.C.

Not only does the voluntary assumption of such responsibility by a major publisher relieve the club of considerable administrative and financial burden, it bespeaks professional respect and association, and that, after all, is what the O.P.C. is all about.

This is not *Time's* first production of *Dateline*. *Time* put out *Dateline's* 25th anniversary issue ten years ago. We already have some publisher candidates for next year's *Dateline*.

Finally, this issue of *Dateline* reflects our professional pride in the theme "The Year of the Reporter." Reporters have always been the "shock troops" of journalism in America.

It is the reporters, print and electronic, who have carried on the tradition of skepticism, curiosity, skill, perseverance and courage that has made the American free press unique in world history.

While hailing reporters, however, we ought not take their freedom of action for granted. American society, no less than other societies, is uncomfortable with a free press.

We should not ignore the fact that even after the press's victory in the Pentagon Papers case, a growing tendency was still apparent throughout the country to find some means of placing strictures on the troublesome press.

Only the success of investigative reporters in the Watergate affair slowed down Government-nurtured efforts, often supported by popular approval, to make the press "more responsible." One dreads to think what calamity could have befallen the free press if the investigative reporters on Watergate had somehow goofed.

One can only hope that every year remains "The Year of the Reporter." One hopes this not only for our profession but for our country.

Surely only so long as the American press is free and reporters let loose upon the country can American society itself remain free.

If you're looking for more informed opinion from overseas on matters that matter to you... economic, philosophic, diplomatic, scientific, artistic... you'll find it presented most rewardingly on The New York Times Op-Ed Page

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1973

Is Paris Happening?

By Anthony Lewis

PARIS, Sept. 29—On the eve of the 100th anniversary of the birth of the French philosopher Henri Bergson, the French government is celebrating the centenary of the philosopher's birth. The celebration is a testament to the enduring influence of Bergson's thought on French culture and intellectual life. Bergson's ideas on time, consciousness, and the creative impulse have shaped the work of many French writers, artists, and philosophers. His influence is particularly evident in the work of Marcel Proust, Albert Camus, and Jean-Paul Sartre. The French government's celebration of Bergson's centenary is a recognition of his profound impact on French thought and culture.

ABROAD AT HOME

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Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn Art-for Man's Sake: I



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NYK7/EUROPE JANUARY 23RD 1974

TO: EUROPEAN BUREAUS, CAIRO, JERUSALEM, BEIRUT, SAIGON, TOKYO, RIO
MEXICO, NAIROBI, NEWYORK, WASHINGTON, WESTEDIT

FROM: ED JACKSON, NEW YORK

IT IS TIME'S TURN AGAIN THIS YEAR TO PRODUCE THE MAGAZINE "DATELINE" WHICH IS PUBLISHED IN CONNECTION WITH THE ANNUAL AWARDS DINNER OF THE OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB. FOR MY SINS AS A LONGTIME FOREIGN TYPE, I HAVE BEEN DESIGNATED AS EDITOR. KNOWING WHERE A LOT OF TALENT IS ALL-TOO OFTEN HIDDEN -- WE ARE TURNING PRIMARILY TO THE BUREAUS FOR THE STORIES THAT WILL FILL THE 30-PLUS TIME-SIZED PAGES NOW STARING US BLANKLY IN THE FACE. THAT IS AS IT SHOULD BE, BECAUSE THE MAGAZINE IS OF, BY AND FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

WE HAVE SELECTED AS A THEME FOR THE PUBLICATION "THE YEAR OF THE REPORTER." IN MANY WAYS IT WAS JUST THAT. ABROAD AND AT HOME, THROUGHOUT THE YEAR IT WAS THE PERSISTENT HAMMERING OF REPORTERS THAT TURNED UP SCANDAL AND TRUTH -- SOMETIMES IN THE FACE OF DANGER, ALWAYS IN THE FACE OF CRITICISM FOR MERELY DOING THEIR JOB.

TO DEVELOP THE THEME, WE ARE SCHEDULING STORIES ON A NUMBER OF AREAS WHERE REPORTERS HAD TO DISTINGUISH THEMSELVES JUST TO GET ANY STORY AT ALL. SINCE THE PHYSICAL STRUGGLES WITH CABLEHEADS AND PLANE SCHEDULES AND THE DANGERS OF DUCKING BULLETS ARE WELL-ADVERTISED, WE WOULD LIKE TO CONCENTRATE MORE ON THE VERY DIFFICULT BATTLE TO GET AT THE TRUTH OF THE MOMENT: IS NIXON LYING, WHO STARTED THE YOM KIPPUR WAR, ARE THE ISRAELIS WINNING ON THE WEST BANK, DID THE CHILEANS SLAUGHTER HOW-MANY PEOPLE IN THAT STADIUM -- IN OTHER WORDS, THE DAY-BY-DAY PUZZLERS THAT CONFRONT THE CORRESPONDENTS COMMUNITY.

THE PROPOSAL IS THAT IN A FORM ROUGHLY SIMILAR TO A TIME PRESS STORY WE GO BACK AND REVIEW SOME OF THE BIG ONES OVERSEAS DURING THE YEAR. WE WOULD INCLUDE COLOR AND COMMENTARY ON WHAT THE AGENCIES, NETWORKS, NEWSMAGAZINES, OTHER NEWSMEN DID -- OR PERHAPS COLLECTIVELY DIDNT DO -- TO GET THOSE STORIES. WE ARE ALSO SCHEDULING A MOOD UPDATER ON VIETNAM NOW THAT ITS "OVER" AND A COMMENTARY ON WATERGATE. OTHERS TK AND WE AWAIT YOUR SUGGESTIONS. IN ADDITION MARCIA GAUGER WILL BE SOLICITING BIO ON AWARD WINNERS. SPECIFIC ASSIGNMENTS FOLLOW THIS GENERAL QUERY WHICH WILL BE DUPED TO ALL BUREAUS WORLDWIDE.

TA/932P

DATELINE 1974

A publication of the Overseas Press Club of America. Volume 18, Number 1

Overseas Press Club Awards

page 10

MIDEAST

"Shall We Go and See the War?"

by Marsh Clark page 38

CHILE

The Score in the Stadium

by Rudolph S. Rauch III page 48

EUROPE

The Non-Year of Non-Europe

by William Rademaekers page 56

VIETNAM

On the Shelf in Saigon

by Gavin Scott page 66

WASHINGTON

The Game of Leaks

by John F. Stacks page 74

Coming in from the Cold

by James Bell page 82

So You Want to Be an Editor Back Home

by Gregory H. Wierzynski page 84

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Class 1

Best daily newspaper or wire service reporting from abroad

RAYMOND R. COFFEY

Chicago Daily News

For excellence of foreign news reporting, from the Middle East war to Princess Anne's wedding



As London bureau chief for the *Chicago Daily News*, Raymond Coffey filed on the developing British political and financial crisis, sports events and news of the arts. He covered the fighting in Northern Ireland. He traveled to Eastern Europe and wrote a series of stories outlining each nation's problems, pointing up the achievements of each and describing the way the people live. He then took this knowledge with him to the Soviet Union and filed an account on the U.S.S.R. and the Russians.

When the Middle East war broke out, Coffey was there, filing from Cairo and Beirut. He observed the warfare from Syria, reported on the fighting, wrote analyses of the events, and when the cease-fire was negotiated, discussed the prospects for peace.

Back in London, he found a message from his paper's foreign desk: REALIZE YOU HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO KICK THE SAND OUT OF YOUR SHOES, BUT NEED IMMEDIATELY A STORY PREVIEWING PRINCESS ANNE'S WEDDING . . . Coffey shifted gears from the martial to the marital arts, filed the preview and subsequently covered the wedding itself.

Coffey is a Midwesterner, born in Racine, Wis., in 1929. He graduated from Marquette with a B.A. in journalism and then served a two-year hitch in the U.S. Army, including a year in the public information office in Heidelberg. After eight years with U.P.I., he joined the *Daily News* in 1961. He has done several tours in Viet Nam and one in the Middle East. He has been London correspondent since 1971 and lives there with his wife Holly and their seven children.

Henry Herr Gill

CITATION

JACQUES LESLIE, *Los Angeles Times*

For incisive and consistently well-researched coverage of Viet Nam and the Viet Cong during 1973

Judges: Angelo Natale, Wilbur Landrey, Edwin Tetlow

Best daily newspaper or wire service interpretation of foreign affairs

AL BURT*Miami Herald*

The emergence of the Bahamas into independence

WILLIAM MONTALBANO*Miami Herald*

The overthrow of President Allende in Chile

In this split award, the judges felt that each winner "turned in equally informative and distinguished series on the too often neglected area of Latin America." The stories are quite different: Burt's is one of the quiet evolution of a colony into nationhood; Montalbano's is one of smoldering violence that finally erupted.

In more than a decade of covering Latin American affairs, Burt has been arrested in Cuba, expelled from Haiti, and shot at (and hit) by the U.S. Marines in the Dominican Republic. Burt developed his Bahamas story over a period of six months in order to build his sources' confidence in

him and give him access to their letters and papers that document the events. The result, in the words of the judges: a series "with scholarly authority and a wealth of detail [that described] the present status and significant background of the fascinating Bahamas at an important time in their history."

Montalbano, a Nieman fellow and winner of an O.P.C. Award in 1972 for his interpretation of foreign affairs, had been following the career of the late Salvador Allende Gossens long before he became President. In fact, in 1970 he told his paper that he expected Allende to become the first freely elected Marxist President in the world and that he wanted a

part of the story.

The paper obliged. Montalbano made more than a dozen trips to Chile to follow the fortunes of the Allende regime; he made another after the coup, landing with other correspondents at Pudahuel airport in Santiago, where they were instructed to remain because of the curfew. But Montalbano, who knew the area well, defied the curfew, dashed into the street, commandeered a truck and provided ten correspondents with transportation to Santiago—on a load of onions. His stories "foreshadowed the tragic events that later occurred, fully reported the violent developments, and by careful analysis helped readers understand the meaning."



Al Burt

W. O. Minor, Jr.



William Montalbano

CITATION

PETER KNAPP, *Quincy Patriot Ledger*
Perceptive editorial treatment of foreign issues

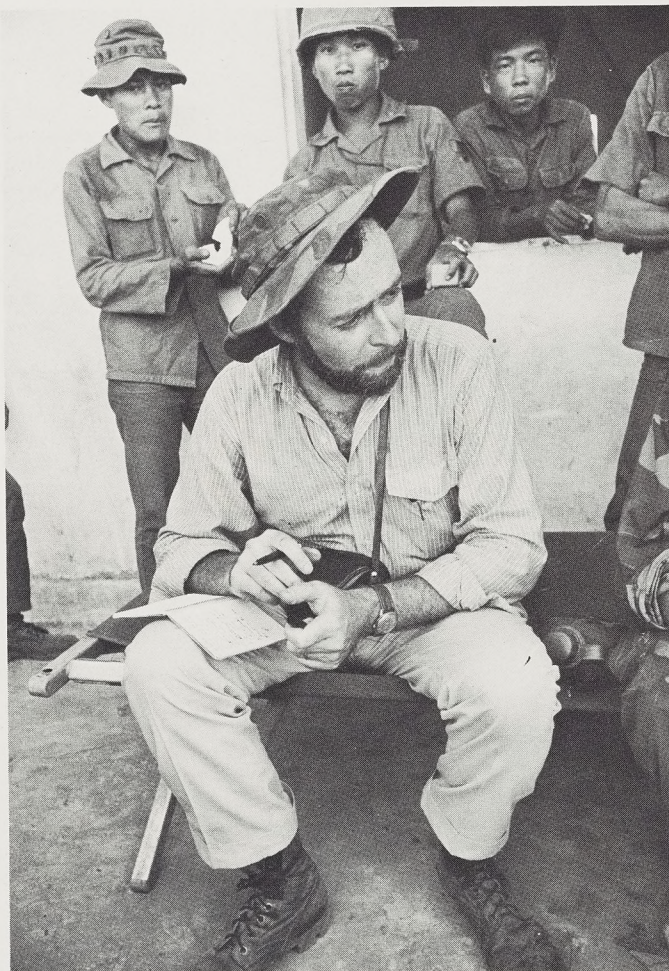
Judges: John McAllister, Richard Dempewolf, John Tebbel, Richard Tobin

Best daily newspaper or wire service photographic reporting from abroad

SYDNEY H. SCHANBERG

The New York Times

Nguyen Ngoc Luong



Cambodian soldier grieves over bombing "error" that wiped out his family. A moving photograph which expresses the desolation of war. Correspondent Schanberg dug out the story of the error.

Sydney H. Schanberg is no stranger to wars or awards. His reporting of the 1971 India-Pakistan War won three—the Overseas Press Club Award for best daily newspaper or wire service reporting, the Long Island University George Polk Memorial Award for foreign reporting, and the Newspaper Guild of New York's Page One Award for foreign reporting. Reporting of another conflagration, a fire in an old Brooklyn hotel, brought Schanberg a share of the Uniformed Firemen's As-

sociation Award in 1967.

But those awards were all for words. Now Schanberg has put another arrow in his quiver: photography. Along with his reporting of the war in Cambodia last year, he frequently served as his own photographer, and his stories were often illustrated with his pictures.

Such a picture was one of the Cambodian soldier grieving over the loss of his family in the American bombing "error" that damaged the village of Neak Luong. At the time the bombing occurred, the American Embassy exerted great pressure to prevent news coverage of the town. But Schanberg is an aggressive reporter whose reaction, when told no, is to press on. With the help of his Cambodian colleague



Dith Pran, Schanberg managed to arrange for a boat to float them down the Mekong River to Neak Luong.

The trip was uneventful, if you discount coming under "occasional rifle fire." At Neak Luong, Schanberg managed a thorough look-around before being placed briefly under house arrest. He also managed to record what he saw with his camera and hide the film before the officials asked for it.

Born in Clinton, Mass., in 1934, Schanberg supplemented work on a B.A. at Harvard with jobs as bartender, hod carrier, waiter, laundry sorter and canning machine operator. He joined the *Times* in 1959, starting as a copy boy. Writing and photography came later.



CITATION

THOMAS A. JOHNSON

The New York Times

Children of drought-stricken Niger beg crewmen
of relief plane for food

*Judges: Barrett Gallagher, Charles E. Rotkin,
Francis Brennan, John Durniak, John G. Morris*

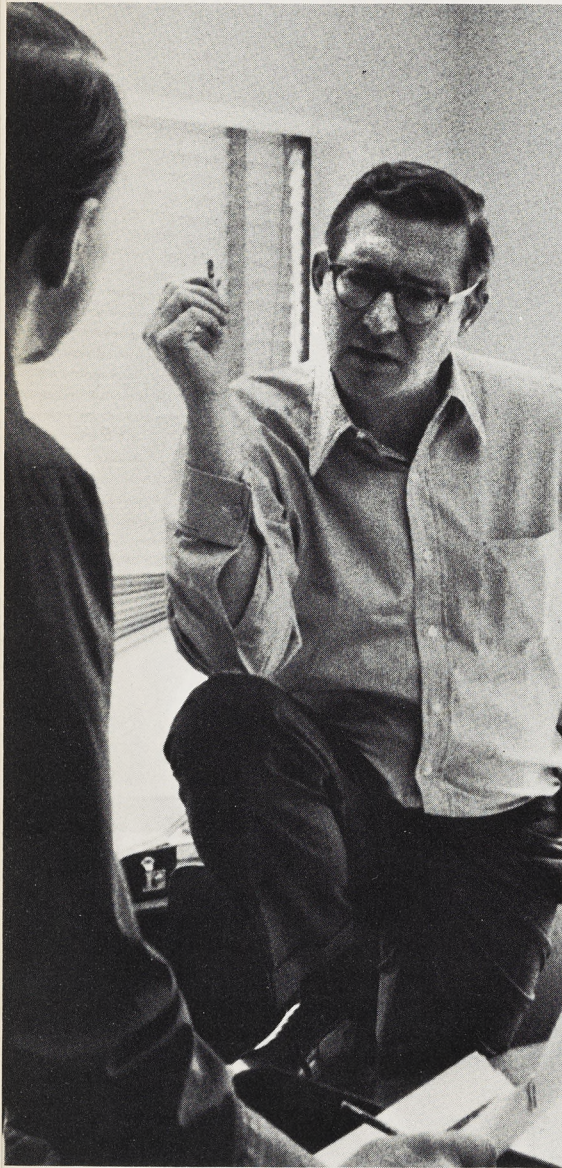


Class 4

Best photographic reporting or interpretation from abroad
in a magazine or book

LIFE SPECIAL REPORT

The Spirit of Israel—25th Anniversary



A. Eisenstaedt

This Special Report, the first issue of *Life* after it ceased to be a weekly magazine, accepted no advertising and sold close to 600,000 copies for \$1.50. It "salutes the people of Israel for 25 years of astonishing achievement," says the introduction. "It explores significant and surprising aspects of modern Israel . . . it considers the forces, ancient and recent, that have shaped it and the new challenges it faces amid the dangers that still threaten the volatile Middle East."

It includes a collection of pictures from a *Who's Who* of photographers—Cornell Capa, Alfred Eisenstaedt, Thomas Hopker, David Rubinger, to mention just a few—fortified by a John Neary story on that day in May 1948 when David Ben-Gurion proclaimed the state of Israel, a Walter Laqueur piece summing up the 25 years in an imaginary letter to the visionary Dr. Theodore Herzl, and a Yoram Kariuk article on the Sabras of the land.

Its managing editor, Philip Kunhardt, and a staff assembled from the old *Life* staff, worked on the project for about a month. Kunhardt flew to Israel to gather ideas and talent and outline his plans for the report; while there, he signed up the writers, deployed photographers and organized the reporting. Dora Jane Hamblin moved into Tel Aviv from Rome and became a traffic manager for material and photographers—and also did a piece on the modern city of Tel Aviv.

But, says Kunhardt, "we couldn't have done the issue without Cornell Capa." Capa had been setting up an exhibition for Israel's 25th anniversary, and his cooperation was invaluable.

Philip Kunhardt

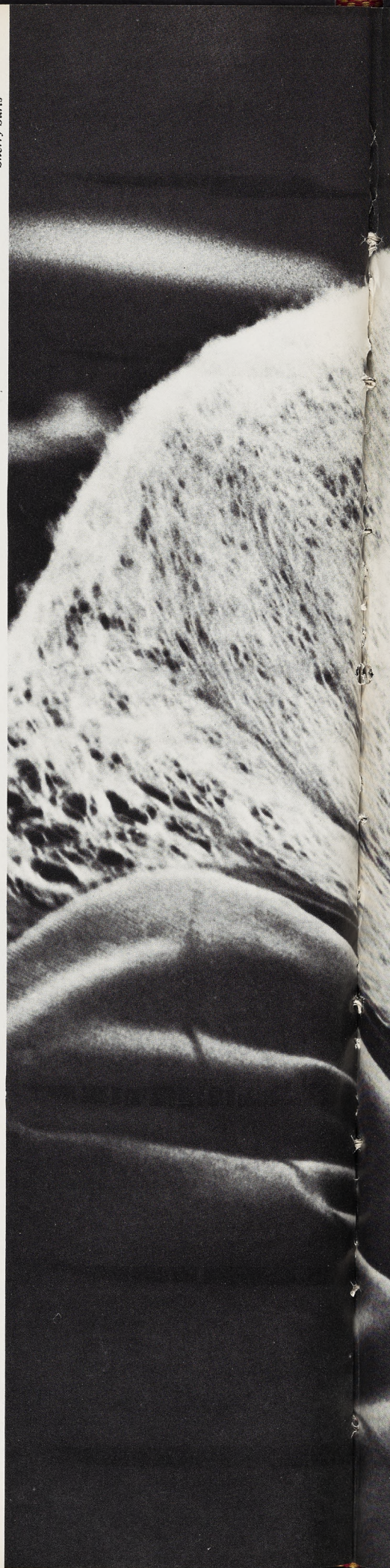
CITATION

EDDIE ADAMS, *Time*
Photograph entitled "Shalom"

Judges: Barrett Gallagher, Charles E. Rotkin, Francis Brennan,
John Durniak, John G. Morris

Reunion for a Russian woman at Lod Airport, Tel Aviv

Sherry Suris





Best radio spot news reporting from abroad

GROUP W FOREIGN NEWS SERVICE

Coverage of Yom Kippur War

The Middle East war was one of the few recent wars in which it was possible for Americans to have correspondents on both sides. In its radio news coverage for its seven wholly owned stations, Group W patched together circuits that allowed correspondents on both the Arab and Israeli sides to talk to one another and to correspondents in Washington.

Gene Pell, chief of the Group W Foreign News Service, was the architect of this imaginative approach. His cabled description of how it was done: "Coverage began on the early Saturday file October 6 with reports from Jay Bushinsky in Tel Aviv on air-raid

sirens throughout Israel and disruption of Yom Kippur, from Asher Wall in Jerusalem on troop mobilization, and from Joe Kamalick in Beirut on Arab troop movements.

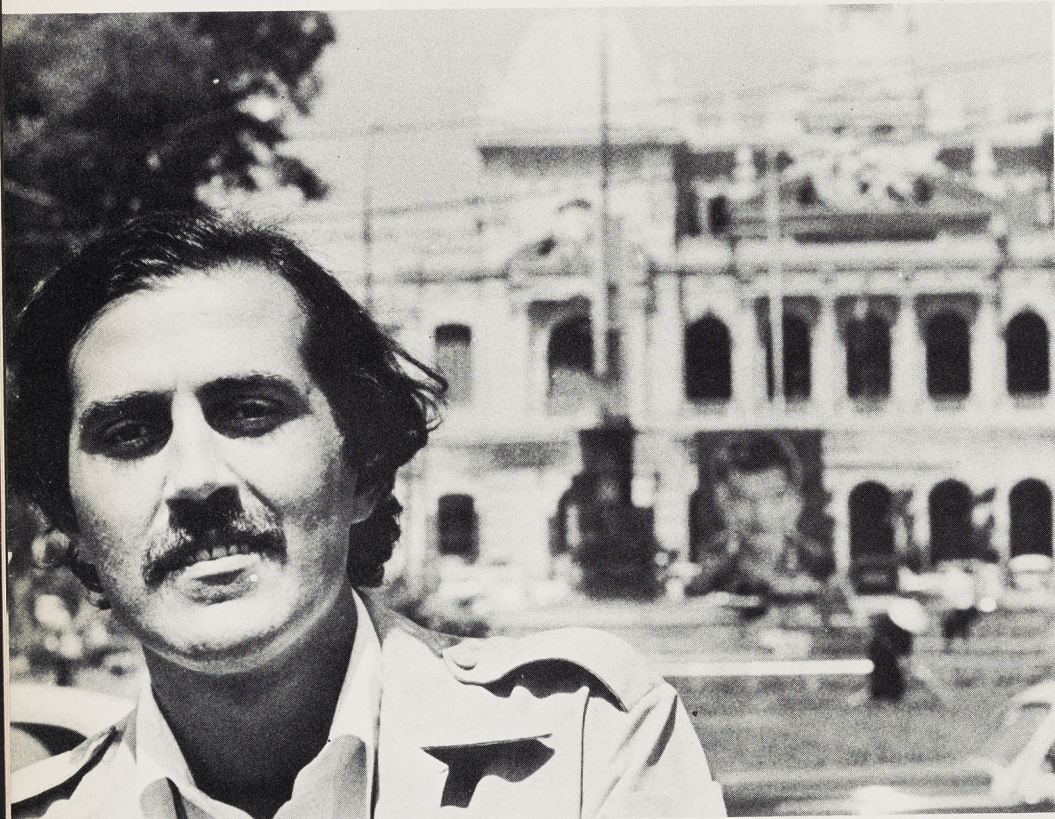
"By 8:30 that morning in New York, Bushinsky and Kamalick had reports to our stations that war was under way. Both filed continuously throughout the day, with Wall contributing from Jerusalem. Bushinsky was first foreign correspondent to north front as pool man for foreign press association. By end of day, 46 reports on war filed by Group W correspondents.

"Before fighting was announced, Paris bureau chief Bernard Redmont

had been alerted to head for Israel and Bonn bureau chief Charles Bierbauer for Beirut. Both arrived Sunday and began filing immediately. Foreign Editor Ed De Fontaine, recalled from vacation in Switzerland, was in Tel Aviv at beginning of week to further augment staff here. Reports from war zone supplemented by reaction and other related material from Group W correspondents in London, Paris, Moscow, Hong Kong and Tokyo.

"On Sunday, second day of war, we inaugurated a three-way hookup via London in which Bushinsky and Kamalick, reporting opposite sides of war, were put in direct contact with one another to discuss war from respective points. Later we expanded this concept through Washington bureau, where correspondent on each side of war held conversations with State Department Correspondent Jim Anderson and Assistant Washington Chief Jerry Udwin. This now regular part of daily coverage.

"Through first six days of war, more than 250 stories were filed by Group W team, in addition to scores of Q's and A's with stations."

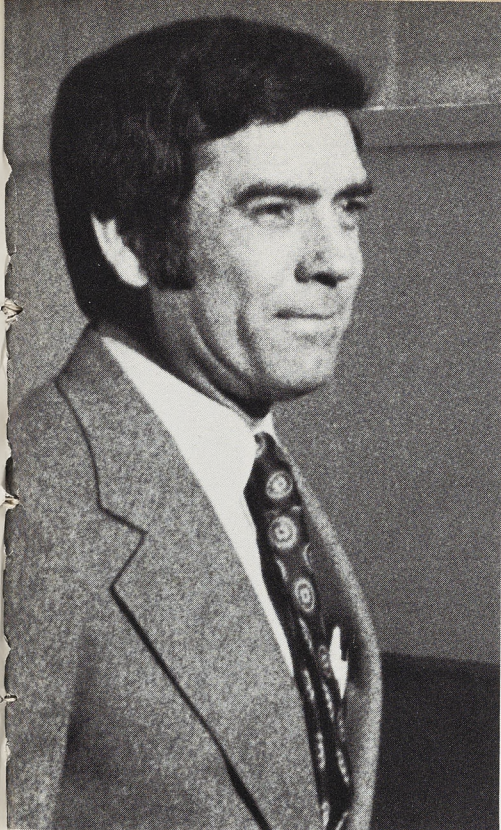


Joe Kamalick



Jay Bushinsky

Judges: Michael H. Stein, Charles Eldridge, Peter Wells



Dirck Halstead

Dan Rather

To last year's listeners of *First Line Report*, this year's energy crisis came as no surprise. Marvin Kalb foreshadowed it in a February 1973 essay on the U.S.'s critical dependence on Arab oil. "If the Arab countries chose to reduce oil shipments into the United States, or Western Europe, or Japan, forgetting for a moment that they would lose much of their profits in this process, they could cause havoc with the Western economic machine and impose heavy burdens on Allied alliances," he said.

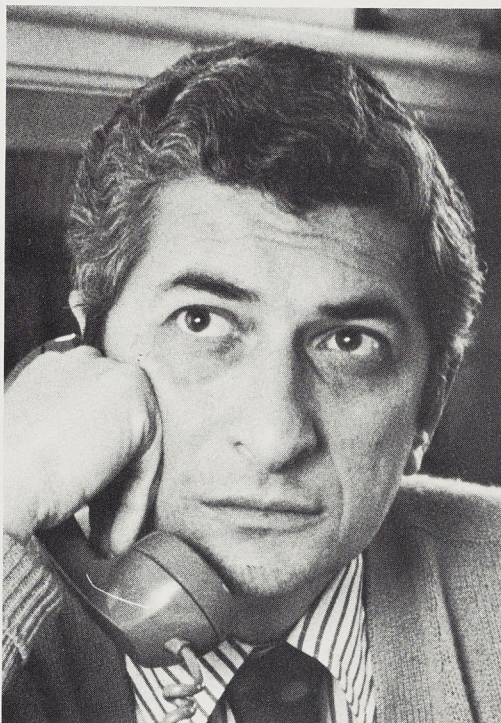
In July, Dan Rather spoke to his listeners about the visit to San Clemente of Huang Chen, China's senior envoy to the U.S. The visit, the President hoped, would help "speed a Cambodian peace because of the Congressional deadline cutting off the funds for Indochina military operations. The Indochina war has continued to some degree in South Vietnam and to some degree in Laos. In Cambodia, it has continued full scale, in fact on a scale greater than before what is called the peace settlement reached in Paris earlier this year. Cambodia now is the Indochina explosive point. The Presi-

dent is hoping Chinese leaders may help him get off the hook there . . . The President and Dr. Kissinger are involved in a delicate, dangerous, big power game, trying to play off Moscow against Peking and vice versa, believing, hoping, that each needs improved relations with the U.S., technology, trade, and credit so much, that neither will not risk helping extract America from Indochina with some semblance of honor, honor as defined by the President and Kissinger."

In November, Bob Schieffer looked into the widespread suspicion that the worldwide military alert that President Nixon called during the Middle East war had been a hoax to draw attention from Watergate. His conclusion: If it were a hoax, "you have to conclude

that the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Defense, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the director of Central Intelligence were all in on it."

First Line Report is anchored on a rotating basis by Rather, Schieffer and Kalb. Rather is CBS News White House correspondent and sometime anchor man on CBS-TV. Rather has been with CBS since 1962, has covered riots and political conventions, and joined in *CBS News Special Reports*. Marvin Kalb, CBS News diplomatic correspondent, has specialized in East-West relations as part of his international affairs beat. Schieffer, CBS News Pentagon correspondent, has been with the network since 1969. Schieffer has also reported politics and the Indochina war for the network.



Rodney Mims

Marvin Kalb



Bob Schieffer

Class 6
Best radio interpretation of foreign affairs
CBS NEWS

"First Line Report"
News analysis by

DAN RATHER, MARVIN KALB and
BOB SCHIEFFER

Judges: Michael H. Stein, Charles Eldridge, Peter Wells

Best radio documentary on foreign affairs
CBS NEWS—DOCUMENTARY
Viet Nam Perspective, Parts I and II

A Question of Peace was the subject to which Producer Peter Wells and CBS News Correspondent Reid Collins addressed themselves at the time of the Viet Nam cease-fire. They described their project as a review of the origin and historical development of the Viet Nam War over the past 20 years, an exploration of the worldwide political effects of the war and the prospects for peace.

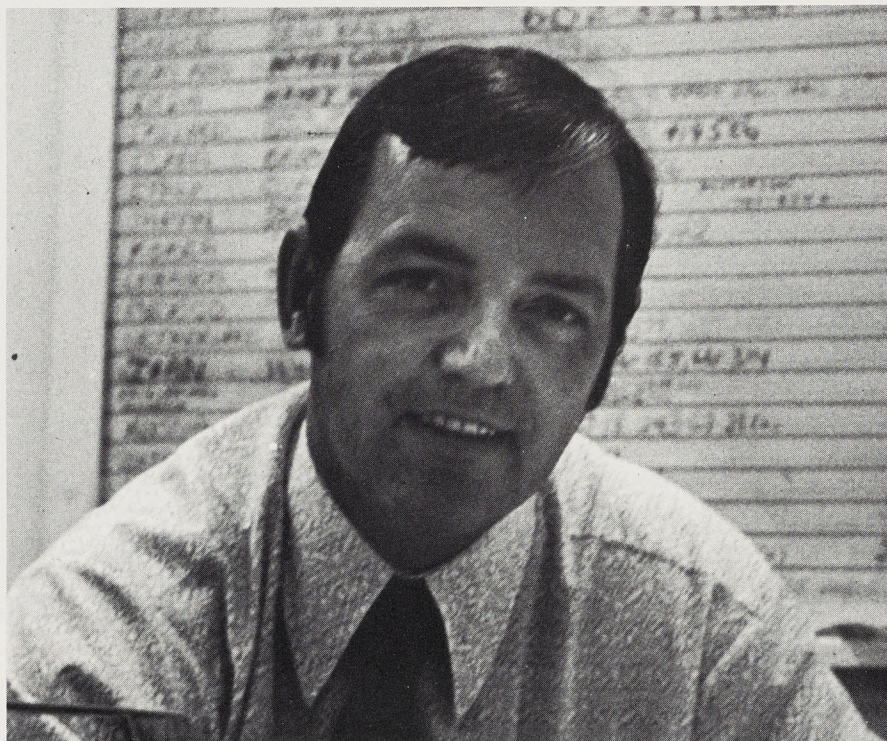
The program was reported in two installments: Part I, a chronological history of the Vietnamese war from 1953-1973, using the spoken words of four Presidents who found themselves in varying degrees of entanglement; Part II, broadcast four days later, after the peace treaty was signed, examined the terms of the treaty and the prospects for peace. Included in the program were the reflections of correspondents who had reported the war—Charles Collingwood, John Laurence, Robert Pierpoint, Morley Safer, Mike Wallace—and Marvin Kalb, CBS diplomatic correspondent.

A correspondent since 1965, Reid Collins is anchor man for the Monday-Friday CBS Radio *News-On-The-Hour*. He also contributes to such radio series as *The World of Religion* and *One View of the Press*. He has covered national conventions, the space flights from Gemini 4 through Skylab, the Viet Nam peace agreement, and the funeral of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. A Montana native, he is a graduate of Montana State University.

Peter Wells, executive producer for public affairs, CBS News, Radio, besides producing *Viet Nam Perspective*, produced coverage last year of the Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities for CBS Radio. He has been with CBS since 1963. Born in Wilmington, Del., he is a graduate of Antioch College in Ohio.



Peter Wells



Reid Collins

Judges: Michael H. Stein, Charles Eldridge

Best TV spot news reporting from abroad

JOHN LAURENCE*CBS News*

October War coverage



John Laurence has a record of being where the action is. In the eight years that he has been with CBS he has covered the Viet Nam War, the India-Pakistan War, the Dominican Republic civil war, the rioting in American cities, and the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago. So when the Yom Kippur War erupted, he was there with the Israeli army reporting for CBS News on the fighting in the Golan Heights.

Laurence's "outstanding and incisive reporting" included an exclusive story demonstrating the Soviet Union's aid to the Syrian army. He and his camera crew were also able to refute Syrian claims of recapturing Quneitra: they all stood, Laurence on camera, in the middle of the shelled city with not a Syrian in sight. When the Syrians attacked in the battle for Mount Hermon, the film crew of David Green and Mike Gray photographed the attack while Laurence reported it.

Besides the battles, Laurence reported on what was happening to the people. He did a piece on what it was like to live in an Israeli kibbutz when all its men were off to war, and another one on what it was like for Israeli soldiers to pick up arms again.

This is the fourth time the O.P.C. has recognized Laurence's work. He won awards in 1965 for radio reporting from Viet Nam, in 1972 for covering the so-called war of attrition between the Arabs and Israel, in 1973 for spot news radio reporting of the Munich Olympic tragedy. He also has won Emmy Awards for his Viet Nam War coverage and his series on police for the *CBS Evening News* with Walter Cronkite. His Viet Nam report, *The World of Charlie Company*, won both an Emmy and the Alfred I. Dupont-Columbia University Award.

Laurence was born in Bridgeport, Conn., was educated at Fairfield Prep, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and the University of Pennsylvania. He and his wife live in London.

CBS News

Judges: Ronald Steinman, Donald Coe, Howard Kany

Class 9

Best TV interpretation of foreign affairs

NBC NEWS

"Peace Begins"

At the start of the Viet Nam cease-fire, NBC News marked the event with a 90-minute special, "Peace Begins." The program reported on the events of the day, looked back on the effects of the war and looked forward to the prospects for peace.

The program was produced by Helen Marmor, who has written for television, produced documentaries on subjects as diverse as Red China and Harlem, and is now in charge of "Instant Specials." Anchored by NBC Correspondent Edwin Newman, himself an Instant Specialist, with 17 correspondents participating, the program ranged the world from Stockholm to Saigon, Toronto to Peking, New York to Los Angeles, Chicago to Vientiane, result-

ing in a report "as broad as it was deep."

From Saigon, Jack Perkins reported on the fragility of the peace. From Paris, Garrick Utley, who covered the signing of the cease-fire, stated that despite all the ceremony, the peace agreement was full of loopholes. From Vientiane, Liz Trotta reported that in Laos, Cambodia and Thailand there was a feeling of suspicion about the peace. NBC Producer Lucy Jarvis in Peking interviewed the exiled leader of the Cambodian insurgents, Prince Norodom Sihanouk, who said that the guerrillas would not agree to a cease-fire in Cambodia while Lon Nol remained in power.

The program also went to Stock-

holm and Toronto where American draft evaders discussed their hope for amnesty; to Washington where Admiral Moorer, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, commented on what the end of the war meant to the military; to Louisiana for an interview with a P.O.W. family; and to Arkansas where the father of a recently killed G.I. thought peace an impossible dream.

The program was punctuated with Edwin Newman's periodic reports of the postcease-fire fighting in Viet Nam. Newman won an O.P.C. Award for foreign reporting in 1961; he has also won a Peabody Award for NBC Radio features and New York Emmy Awards for drama criticism and his interviews.

Judges: Ronald Steinman, Donald Coe, Howard Kany

NBC crew filming in Danang during fighting

NBC News





Class 10

Best documentary on foreign affairs

HARRY REASONER

ABC News

Report on the West African drought

The drought in West Africa, which has threatened more than six million African lives, engaged Harry Reasoner, ABC's correspondent-commentator, partly because he thought the story was a major news story that was getting very little attention, and partly because he is compassionate. He initiated the project of producing a show on the drought with Executive Producer Ernest Leiser, and he organized the program with the aid of interested churchmen, missionaries and others who had worked in Niger and elsewhere in West Africa.

The result was a *Reasoner Report* in August on the desperate condition

of some of the nomadic West African tribes—among them the Fulanis and the Tuaregs—all victims of the five-year African drought. It was, said the judges, a “lucid, personal report which dramatically brought into view the tragedy and devastation to the land and people of West Africa [that] was heightened by the superior filming of Cameraman Ron Headford.” The report illuminated the plight of the people, whose crops were endangered by the drought, and their animals, whose feed supply was threatened. It set forth their desperate condition, a condition in which the only alternative was to starve.

Reasoner has been co-anchor man of the *ABC Evening News* since 1970. In that capacity he participated in ABC's Emmy Award-winning coverage of President Nixon's trip to China. He has also covered presidential summits, primaries, and national conventions and delivers his own discerning essays in the *Reasoner Report*.

Before joining ABC, Reasoner had spent 14 years with CBS, as newscaster, correspondent and commentator. He went to the network from print journalism, including a tour on the *Minneapolis Times* as drama critic, after service in World War II. He was educated at Stanford University and the University of Minnesota.

Judges: Ronald Steinman, Donald Coe, Howard Kany

Class 11

Best magazine reporting from abroad

ANTHONY BAILEY

The New Yorker

"On the Oldpark Road, Belfast"

What happens to a primary school when the paratroopers join the students and turn it into a part-time barracks? The result at Finiston school, on the Oldpark Road in Belfast, provided the substance of Bailey's "Reporter at Large" piece. Oldpark Road is an interface between a poor Catho-

lic neighborhood and a poor Protestant one, but the school, under the supervision of its principal, David Russell, is something of an oasis in the midst of "the troubles."

Bailey described Russell's attempts to hold the Finiston school together in the face of erosion: parents moved out

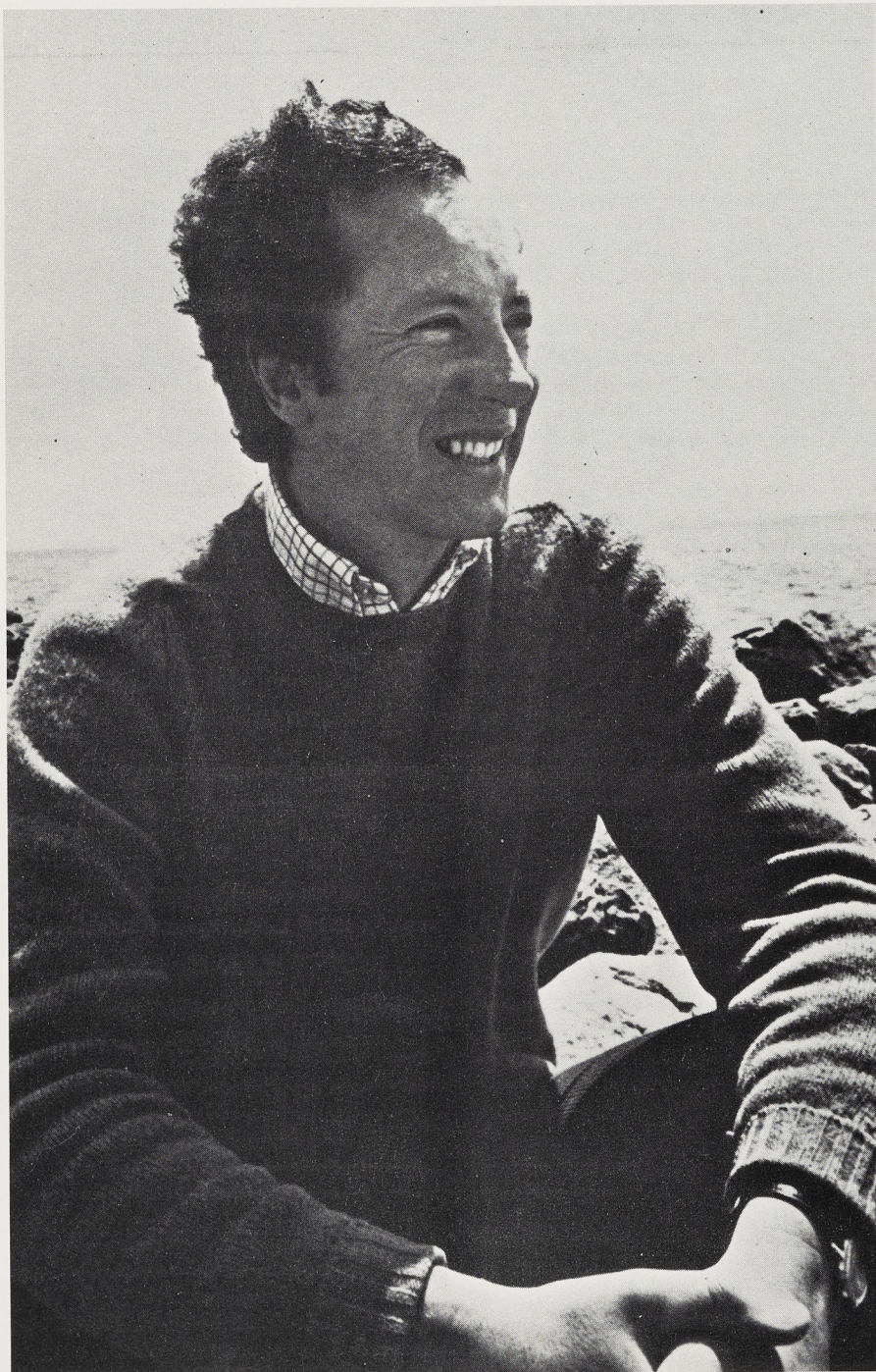
of the city, reducing the number of students; paratroopers moved into the school setting up their own schedules of round-the-clock patrols; and there was the constant threat of snipers. The children were encouraged to stay in the school for lunch after three were hit by rifle fire outside.

Bailey brings a special sensitivity to reportage on cities. An Englishman who has lived in New York and London as well as the smaller towns of Greenwich, England, and Stonington, Conn., Bailey has written frequently of those places. He started this transatlantic existence as a child, when he was sent to the United States to escape the bombing of his home in Portsmouth, England. After the war he returned to England and completed his education at Oxford. After an unsuccessful hunt for a job in Fleet Street, he returned to New York to write. After he married and his family expanded, he bought an old house in Stonington and set about restoring it.

Bailey turns all these experiences into copy. He has done pieces on city noise ("Noise Is a Slow Agent of Death"), the spreading of the megalopolis, as well as a book on his life in Stonington called *In the Village*.

Now he and his wife and four daughters are back in England where he writes for *The New Yorker*.

Inger McCabe



CITATIONS

HORACE FREELAND JUDSON
The New Yorker
"The British and Heroin"

JOE NICHOLSON JR.
Harper's—"Inside Cuba"

NEWSWEEK
TIME

For coverage of the Middle East war and oil articles

Judges: Jean Baer, Grace Naismith, Sherwin Smith, Sam Summerlin

Best magazine interpretation of foreign affairs

EDWARD R. F. SHEEHAN

The New York Times Magazine

"Europe's Hired Poor"



Sheehan interviewing Sharjah Ruler Sheikh Sultan

Freelancer Edward R.F. Sheehan lives in Paris but specializes in Middle East affairs. With a predilection toward the Arabs and things Arab, he is sensitive to the exploitation of the North Africans, notably the Algerians, by their former colonial mother, France. Out of his everyday observations, coupled with thorough research, came his piece about the people who do the dirty work in France—"hew her wood and draw her water, sweep her gutters and scrub her *pissoirs*." Poorly paid, they nonetheless send their wages home to support their families; poorly fed and poorly housed, they are conspicuous

because of their dark skins and North African customs.

The Middle East war intruded on Sheehan's work on the story and he completed it in haste before leaving for Egypt. On the basis of his Middle East reporting, Sheehan was invited by Harvard to be a fellow of the Harvard Center for International Affairs.

Besides the piece on the exploited Arabs in France, Sheehan has contributed a number of articles on the Middle East to the New York Times Magazine. He has interviewed most of the Arab world's rulers—the late Nas-

ser, Gaddafi, Faisal, Hussein, Sadat.

Returning to Boston for the next academic year will be a homecoming for Sheehan. He was born in Boston in 1930 and was educated at Boston College. He began his journalistic career on the Boston *Globe* before moving into Government service as press attaché at the American embassy in Cairo and subsequently in Beirut. He left Government service in 1961 to freelance.

He has written articles for *Harper's* and the late *Saturday Evening Post* and two novels, *Kingdom of Illusion* and *The Governor*.

CITATIONS

NEWSWEEK
TIME

For coverage of the Middle East war and oil articles

Judges: Jean Baer, Grace Naismith, Sherwin Smith, Sam Summerlin

Best book on foreign affairs

C. L. SULZBERGER

"An Age of Mediocrity" (Macmillan)



Peter Mayer

Besides being the author of the *New York Times's* thrice-weekly column, "Foreign Affairs," C. L. Sulzberger is an inveterate diarist. With his latest book he has completed the trilogy of memoirs that began with *A Long Row of Candles* and followed with *The Last of the Giants*. This book deals with today's leaders, whom Sulzberger finds to be mere men. "Efficient, competent, none is genuinely popular or charismatic in the least . . . none is a superman, a giant, but each got things done. They are men of man's dimension."

Sulzberger's diaries are the personal glimpses of the people behind the policies that are the subjects of his columns. Now a journalist—after he started writing his column in 1954, "I ceased being a reporter and became a journalist"—he has placed his observations between hard covers. The

result is, in the judges' words, "a diary of personalities and events [that] is . . . a revealing and interestingly written account by one of the best-known active correspondents, and as such is the best book on foreign affairs."

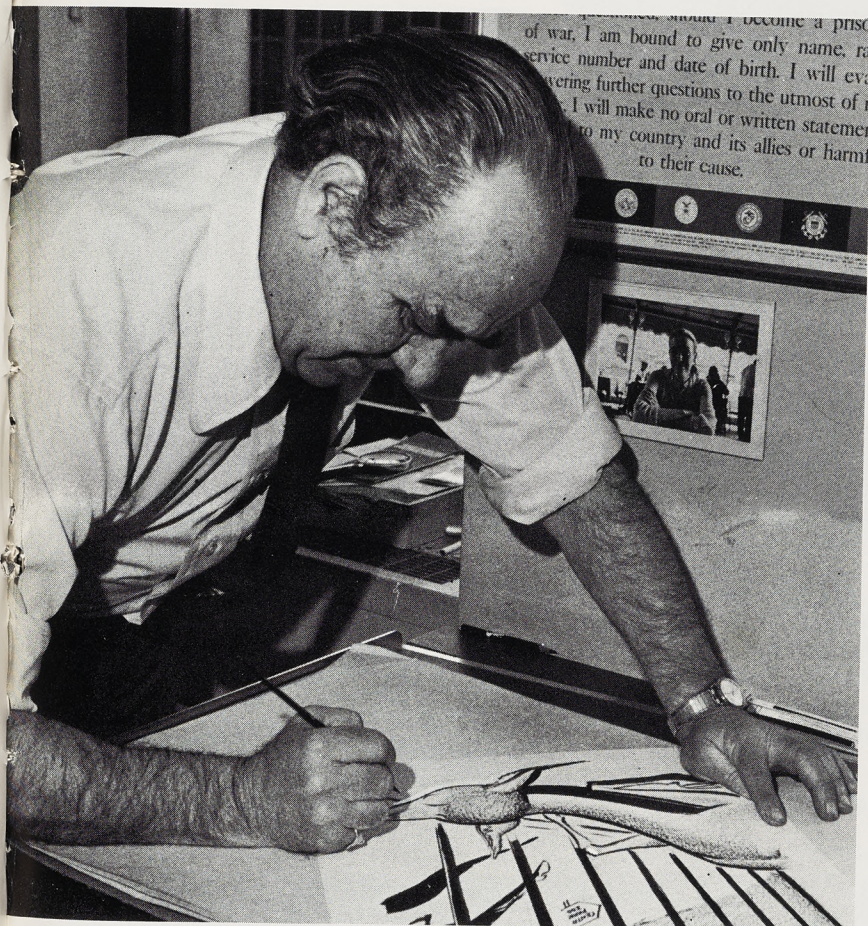
Sulzberger was born in New York City and graduated from Harvard. He reported for the *Pittsburgh Press*, *United Press*, the *London Evening Standard* and the *North American Newspaper Alliance* before joining the *New York Times* in 1939 as Balkan Bureau manager. In 1944 he was named the *Times's* chief foreign correspondent. He held that title until he began his column in 1954.

Besides the trilogy that his diaries encompass, Sulzberger has written a number of other books on contemporary affairs. He also won a special Pulitzer citation in 1951 for his European interviews.

Judges: Anita Diamant Berke, John Barkham, Lawrence Blochman, Hallie Burnett, Clara Claasen, Sonia Levinthal, Adele Gutman Nathan, Will Oursler

Best cartoon on foreign affairs
(\$250, New York Daily News and National Cartoonist Society)

WARREN KING
New York Daily News
"Let the Punishment . . ."



Last March, a quiet, informal party for the diplomatic corps at the Saudi Arabian embassy in Khartoum was shattered by the sudden appearance of two cars full of Palestinian guerrillas firing machine guns. Members of the terrorist Black September, they selected five hostages, holed up in the embassy, and demanded the release of Robert Kennedy's assassin Sirhan Sirhan, 17 Palestinians imprisoned in Jordan for plotting against King Hussein, two persons sympathetic to Black September imprisoned in West Germany and all female Palestinians in

Israeli jails.

When these demands were not immediately met, three hostages, including two U.S. Foreign Service officers and a Belgian diplomat, were shot and killed. Several days later, the besieged terrorists finally surrendered to the Sudanese.

"It was an atrocious, outrageous crime," said Warren King. And so, "motivated by events," he drew his cartoon, "Let the Punishment . . ." Said King: "The idea behind the cartoon was to urge Sudanese President Jaafar Numeiry and the world to

give the Black September guerrillas the severest penalty, to suggest that these terrorists be shown no mercy."

King submits his cartoon ideas to the editor at *Daily News* story conferences and draws his cartoons on "what is the hottest thing" in the news each day. Sometimes there are editorials accompanying the cartoons; sometimes they stand alone. His style is strong, with heavy black lines, his point of view somewhat mordant. He has won an O.P.C. Citation for his work in 1968, and The Society of Silurians Award several times.

CITATION

ROBERT GRAYSMITH, San Francisco *Chronicle*
"Gas Rationing by the Arabs"

Judges: John Desmond, Ben Rothstein



Best business-news reporting from abroad in any medium (\$500, Bache & Co.)

RONALD KOVEN and DAVID B. OTTAWAY

Washington Post

Series of articles on the world energy problem

David Ottaway is a specialist in Middle East and African affairs, Ronald Koven is a European affairs specialist with an interest in oil. Their interests merged, said Koven, when "we realized in the fall of 1972 that something serious was happening and we started to do some digging." At the time both were rim editors on the foreign desk of the *Washington Post*.

"I happened to be participating in the annual Middle East Institute conference in Washington," Ottaway recalls, "and Sheik Yamani of Saudi Arabia was attending. It was there he made his first offer of an unlimited supply of oil for the U.S. if the U.S. would give Saudi oil and investment a special place in its markets. I was the only journalist who heard the speech and broke the story."

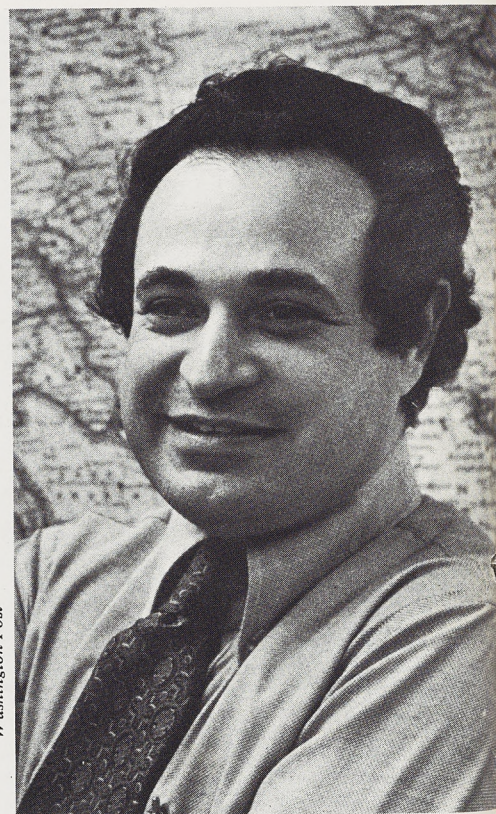
"From then on we began following U.S. oil policy, the State Department's rejection of the Saudi offer, the three-way scramble among Europe, Japan and the U.S. for secure Middle East supplies, the impact of Arab take-

overs on the U.S. oil companies and their changing role in the Middle East. Koven did a splendid story on 'camel money,' about the huge sums that the Arabs would have and what they might do with it. We had several interviews with Yamani and told of his warnings to U.S. Government officials that Middle East policy would have to change or the Saudis would act, and of how the U.S. officials laughed at the warnings."

The two full-time editors reported and wrote the stories using much of their own spare time at the beginning. But the *Post* also relieved them of desk duties a good number of days as the series developed. Ottaway says, "The *Post* really deserves credit for its flexibility and responsiveness to new ideas and ways of doing things. Normally no editor would have had the opportunity to do what we did."

Ottaway has since moved to Africa as the *Post* foreign correspondent there. Koven remains in Washington as an assistant foreign editor.

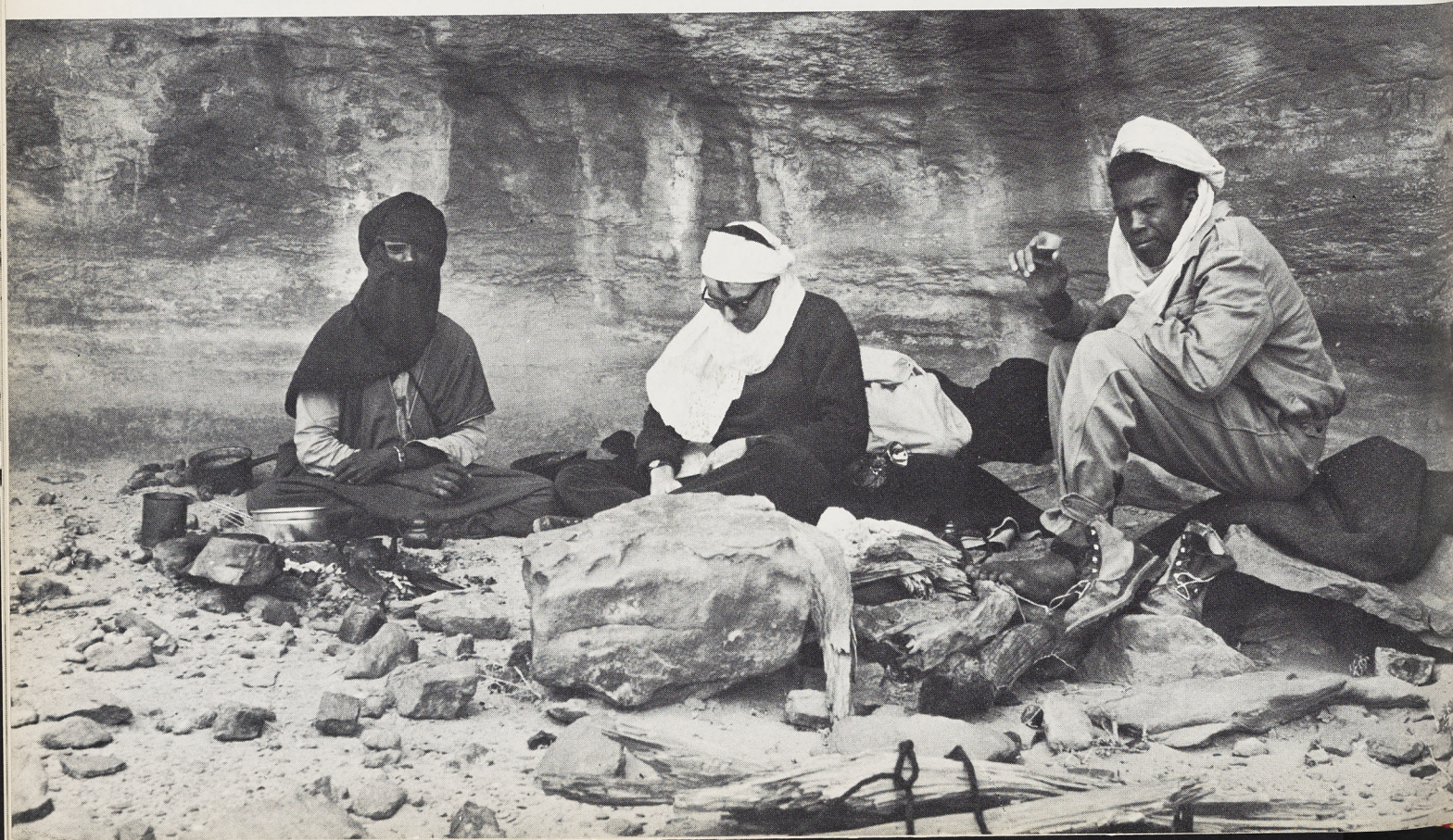
Ronald Koven

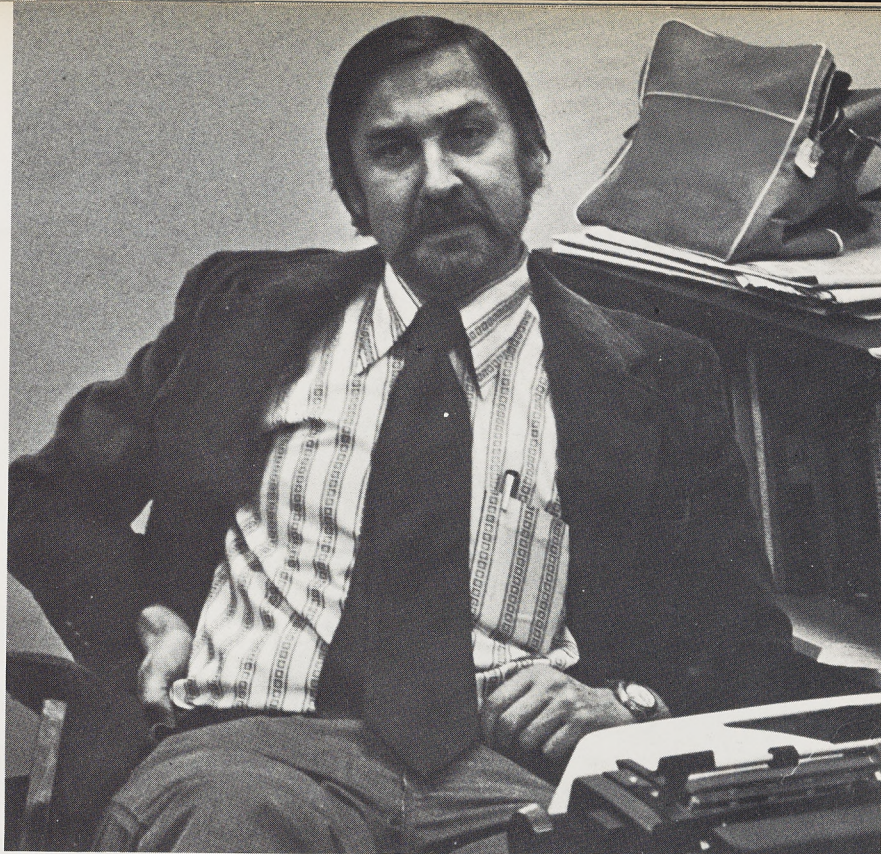


Washington Post

Judges: Henry Gellermann, Gilbert Busch, Harold Jiler

David Ottaway (center) in Algeria





Class 16

Best article or report on Latin America in any medium

EVERETT G. MARTIN

Wall Street Journal

Coverage of Chile

"Reports are that a substantial segment of the armed forces has become uneasy at the thought of a complete takeover by the Marxists," wrote Everett Martin in a dispatch published July 6, 1973. "The worry is said to be strongest in the navy and the air force, but a large number of army officers are believed to share the same concern." It was a prophetic paragraph in one of a series of stories that Martin wrote on the worsening economic and political conditions in Chile.

Martin traced the rampant inflation with such illustrations as the salaried executive who said, "In April my salary covered our living expenses for 20 days. In May it covered only 15 days. In June we were out of money after eight days. We have to live off our savings for as long as they last, but at this rate we won't get to the

end of the year." He wrote of shortages, profiteering from the shortages, and economic dislocations that resulted from partial price controls. The result was a word picture setting the stage for understanding the reasons for the coup.

All of Latin America is Martin's beat for the *Wall Street Journal*, a beat that he has worked since 1971 using New York City as a base. He went to the *Journal* after seven years on the staff of *Newsweek*, including a four-year tour in Asia that was punctuated by the Saigon government's refusal to renew his visa because of articles it deemed critical. Before his assignments for *Newsweek*, Martin had been a writer in the business section of *Time*. Martin was born in Oak Park, Ill., and is a graduate of Indiana University.

CITATION

ALAN RIDING, *Saturday Review/World*
"Death of Latin America's Guerrilla Movement"

Judges: Henry Raymont, Ruth Gruber, Eduardo Schijman

Class 17

Best article or report on Asia in any medium

DONALD KIRK

Chicago Tribune

"Viet Nam—The Troubled Years Ahead"



CITATIONS

MARK ETHRIDGE JR.

Coverage of China for the *Detroit Free Press*

WILLIAM JOHNSON, *Sports Illustrated*

Pictures and story on sports in China

PEGGY PRINTZ, *The New York Times Magazine*

"The Chen Family Still Has Class"—a study of a family in Kwang Li commune, China

Don Kirk has been roaming around the Far East since 1965 and thus has a backlog of Asian lore accumulated in his mind. "He is probably one of the most hard-driving, hard-working correspondents that I know," says Foreign Editor Jim Yuenger of the *Chicago Tribune*. Kirk made a specialty of covering the human side of the Viet Nam War by going with an interpreter into the villages and talking to the people.

One such piece was his story on My Lai on the fifth anniversary of the massacres. Kirk went back to the village to see what had happened to it and found the people still asking, "Why?" In another report, he interwove the changes in one hamlet with the villagers' local folk myths, resulting in a good human interest story.

Kirk has been the *Tribune's* Far East correspondent since 1971, after previous service in Asia with other publications and as a freelancer. His magazine articles have earned him three O.P.C. Citations for foreign reporting. He has also written a book called *Wider War: The Struggle For Cambodia, Thailand and Laos*.

Kirk was born in New Brunswick, N.J., and got his B.A. from Princeton University. He won a Fulbright award and spent two years in India at the School for International Studies. He has also studied at Columbia under the Ford Foundation's fellowship program, and he has a master's degree in international relations from the University of Chicago. Larded in with the educational program were stints as a reporter for the *Chicago Sun-Times* and the *New York Post*.

Kirk and his wife now live in Tokyo.

Judges: Fred Sparks, Donald Dixon, Sidney White.

**Madeline Dane Ross Award (\$250) for International Reporting
in the field of health and welfare in any medium**

ROBERT NORTHSHIELD
NBC-TV

VO HUYNH
NBC-TV

"The Sins of the Fathers"

This show, one in the *NBC Reports* series, examined the plight of thousands of racially mixed children, the legacy of twelve years of American involvement in the Viet Nam War. The children and their mothers are socially ostracized; the mothers find it difficult to get jobs.

"It is important to know that the Vietnamese are racists . . ." says Northshield. "If your mother is a Vietnamese and your father American—any color American—you are aware of that feeling. It is likely you will be segregated from the rest of the community, possibly in an orphanage."

Many of these children were fathered by American military men. To investigate the conditions they live under today, Northshield, who both produced and wrote *The Sins of the Fathers*, spent two months in Viet Nam. He and his documentary unit traveled to Saigon, Danang, Long Binh, Quang Tri and hamlets tucked in the Vietnamese countryside. Camera-man for the special report was Vo Huynh, a Vietnamese who has covered the Viet Nam War for 12 years. But this story was a departure for him from the battles that won him earlier awards. He photographed hundreds

of racially mixed children—the beautiful, the maimed, the crippled. Many were shown in orphanages that are ill-equipped, understaffed and overcrowded.

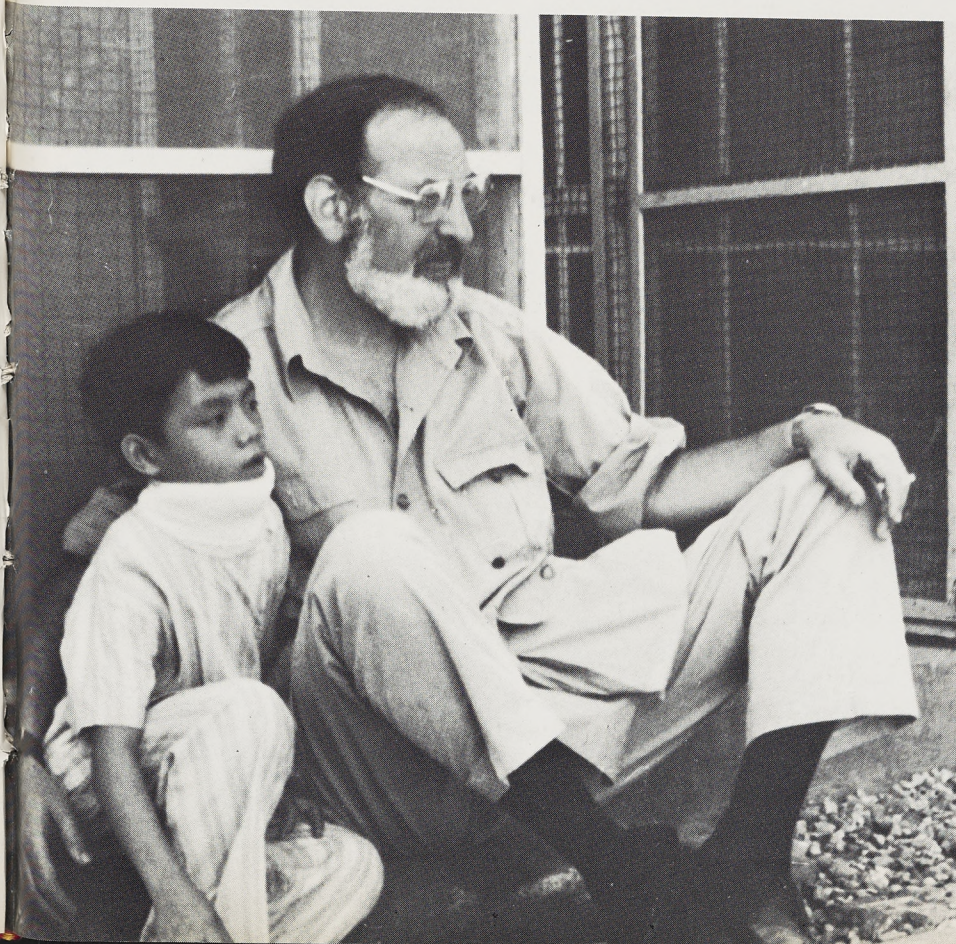
The program discussed what the government, the orphanages, the adoption agencies and concerned individuals are doing to try to remedy the situation. It pointed out that the adoption process is badly clogged, and although both the U.S. and the Vietnamese governments believe that something must be done, Northshield says, "They agree that there has been no acceleration."

CITATION

EDWARD NIELAN, Copley News Service
"China's Approach to Health and Welfare"

Judges: Julia Edwards, Marguerite Cartwright, Bob Considine

Robert Northshield



Vo Huynh



Class 19

Robert Capa Gold Medal (Life) for superlative still photography from abroad, requiring exceptional courage and enterprise

DAVID BURNETT, RAYMOND DEPARDON and CHAS GERRETSEN

Gamma Presse Images
"Chili"

Gamma Presse Images, known around the world as Gamma, is a photojournalism agency headquartered in Paris. It covers the world for major publications in some 27 countries and it stays on top of the news. Such was the case with Chile. In the fall of 1971, French Photographer Raymond Depardon, one of the founders of Gamma, went off to report the progress of agrarian reform under the late President Salvador Allende Gossens. In the course of his reportage, he caught the tranquility and the tensions of the farm workers as well as a close, candid look at Allende a year after his election.

The tensions and instability also arrested the attention of Dutch Photographer Chas Gerretsen. In the tradition of Gilles Caron, the Gamma founder who is missing in Cambodia, Gerretsen has photographed struggle and turmoil in Viet Nam, Cambodia, Thailand and Burma. He went to Chile in January 1973, for he saw a coup in the making. His foresight and patience were rewarded. On the day of the coup in September, he was in front of the presidential palace, the Moneda, photographing the tanks in the streets and the soldiers forcing their way into the palace. When an empty ambulance came on the scene, it confirmed Gerretsen's suspicion that Allende was dead. The soldiers no longer tolerated Gerretsen and his cameras. "Get out!"

they yelled, pointing their guns at him.

The next few days, Gerretsen was kept busy protecting his film. He nearly lost it when a neighbor denounced him as a foreigner and his apartment was searched for "Communist" literature. The police found no reading material, but they did discover 20 rolls of exposed film which Gerretsen had secreted in a pillow case. He first convinced the military police that the rolls were not explosives, then explained that he was worried about thieves. Satisfied, the police let him keep his film.

To record the aftermath, American Photographer David Burnett flew to Santiago. Burnett had spent two years in the Far East photographing the Viet Nam War and the war in India for *Time* and *Life*; he joined Gamma after *Life* closed. In Chile, one of the pictures he wanted most was of Allende's tomb in Viña del Mar. A cooperative military guard allowed him to shoot his pictures, but he was subsequently arrested by two internal security agents, taken to security headquarters, and questioned by masked interrogators for several hours. They confiscated his film—all but one roll. That roll had the picture of the murdered President's tomb.

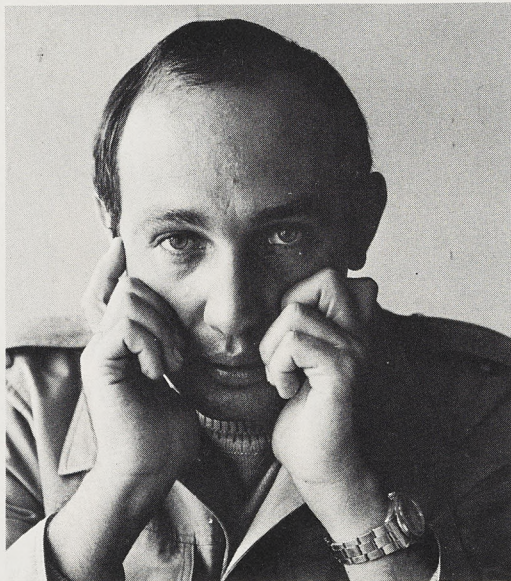
For their enterprise—and their 82 pictures collected in the special report entitled *Chili*—the three Gamma photographers won the Robert Capa Gold Medal.

Chas Gerretsen, Gamma



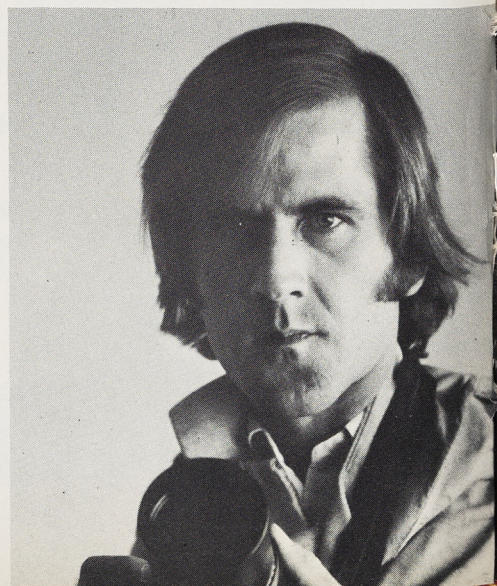
Gamma

David Burnett



Raymond Depardon

Gamma



Owen Franken

Chas Gerretsen



Soldiers guard civilians waiting to be taken away



*Allende entering presidential courtyard
the day he died*

CITATION

"ALLENDE'S LAST MOMENTS"
Unidentified Chilean photographer,
New York Times Pictures

*Judges: Barrett Gallagher, Charles E.
Rotkin, Frances Brennan, John
Durniak, John G. Morris*



Leon Dash with Angolan rebel

Class 20

O.P.C. George Polk Memorial Award (\$500, CBS) for best reporting from abroad, in any medium, requiring exceptional courage and enterprise

LEON DASH

Washington Post

Articles based on his ten weeks with the rebels in Angola

How do you make the world aware of your story if you are an Angolan guerrilla fighting from jungle hideouts for independence? Importing a foreign reporter entails great risks, both to the guerrillas and the reporter. Nonetheless, that is what the leadership of the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola decided to do for their third party congress last year.

Leon Dash of the metropolitan staff of the *Washington Post* was covering a local sewer problem when he received the invitation to go to Angola. No stranger to Africa—he

had served two years in the Peace Corps in Kenya—Dash had little time, however, to prepare for his journey through the Angolan bush. He deplaned in Zambia and was met by his guerrilla escorts with a Land Rover. The Land Rover took them to the Zambia-Angola border swamp, an area that had to be traversed on foot. During what turned out to be an 800-mile march and then at the congress Dash got an intimate look at the highly disciplined way the guerrillas live in the bush—the basis of his four-part series.

The assignment provided a rebel's-

eye view of the Benguela Railroad, which transports copper, oil, but most importantly to the guerrillas—Portuguese troops. Dash, with an escort of 100-odd carefully deployed rebels, waited in the bush for a convoy—a six-man armored car followed by a freight train with several passenger cars. After the manner of the Pushmi-Pullyu, the train had two engines so that it could reverse quickly. Sometimes it had been known to drop off a cadre of Portuguese soldiers to look for rebel footprints. When the train had passed, Dash rushed to the tracks to shoot pictures for his story. His rebel hosts quickly bundled him back into the bush—but he got the pictures.

Dash was born in New Bedford, Mass., 30 years ago. He is a graduate of Howard University, and his first job after college was with the *Post*. He speaks Spanish, and in the Peace Corps learned Swahili. It came in handy in Angola.

He has now returned to his job as general assignment reporter on the metropolitan desk of the *Post*, where he has been covering the gas shortage in the Washington area.

CITATION

PHILIP CAPUTO, *Chicago Tribune*

"Prisoner of the Fedayeen," a six-part series describing his week of captivity in a Fedayeen camp near Beirut

Judges: Stanley M. Swinton, Philip Foisie, R. Edward Jackson

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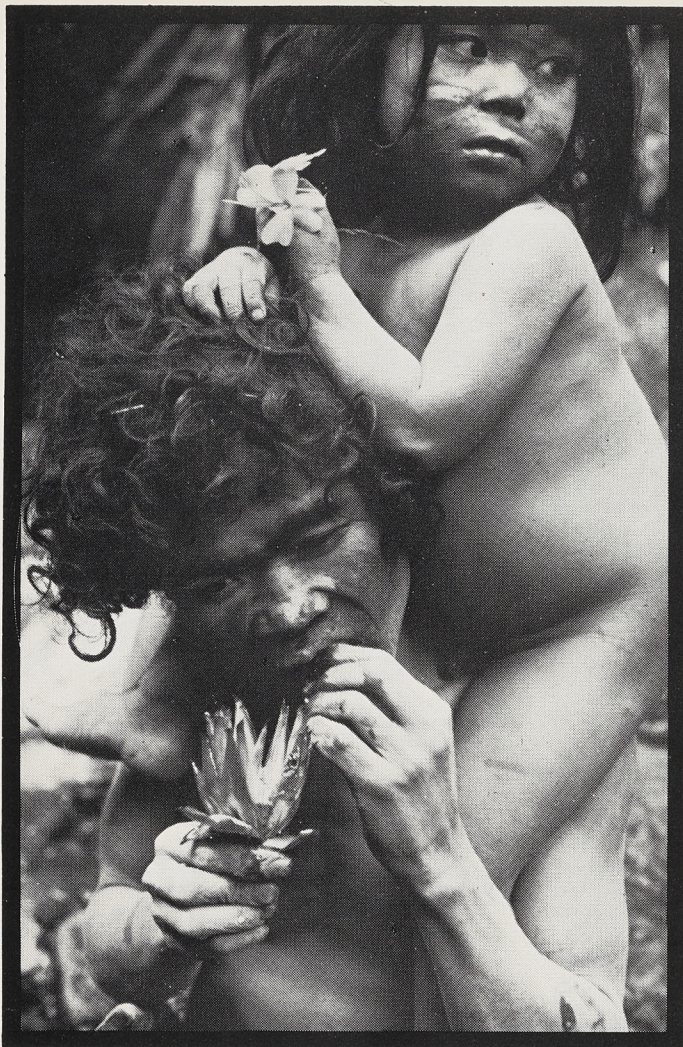
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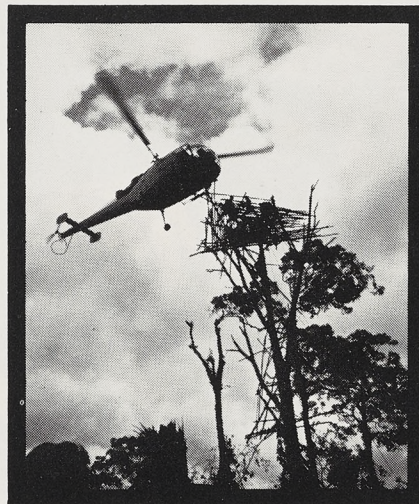
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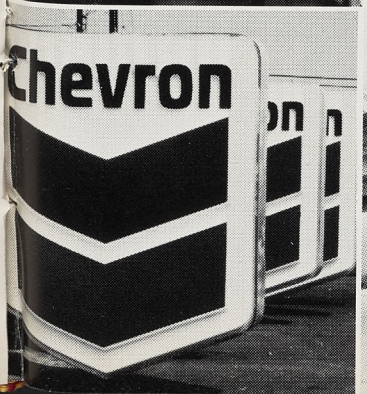
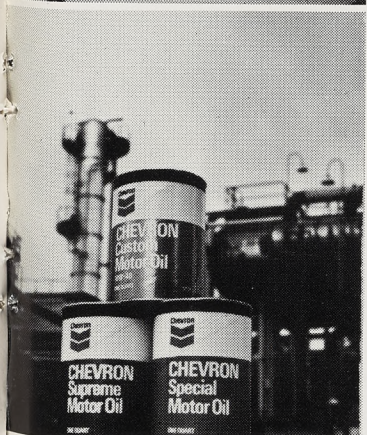
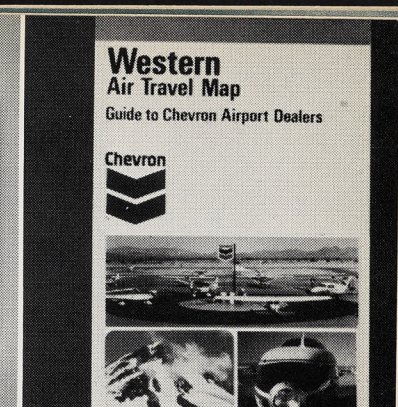
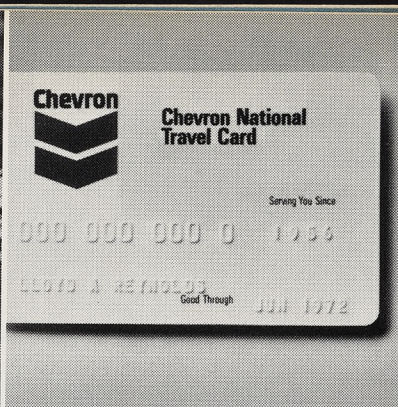
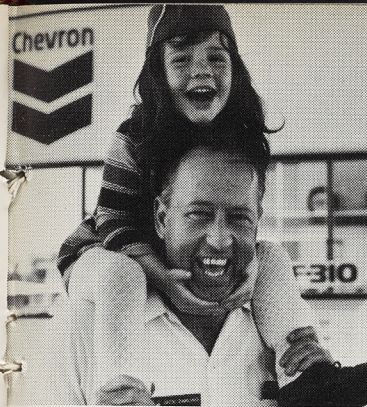
John Launois had a once-in-a-lifetime chance to photograph the Tasaday people, a "lost" stone age tribe in the Philippines. He was on an expedition to visit these cave-dwellers, who had been isolated from the world...perhaps for as long as 2,000 years.

The Tasaday live in a remote region of Mindanao Island—so inaccessible that to get there, Launois actually had to jump from a helicopter onto a platform on top of a 60 foot tree! He was the only photographer on the expedition, there'd be no chance to reshoot. His cameras had to be totally rugged and reliable. He chose Nikon. And only Nikon. The results tell the story.

Most people won't get even a first chance to photograph the Tasaday. But if photography's important to you, someday, somewhere, you're going to see the photograph of your lifetime. Then you'll *need* a Nikon. Because you can depend on it to work in any extreme of cold, heat, humidity or lack of it. Or just for the feeling of confidence Nikon will give you. Over 40 superb Nikkor Lenses—unapproached in sharpness, number and originality—and the most complete system in all of 35mm photography, let you do anything that's photographically possible.

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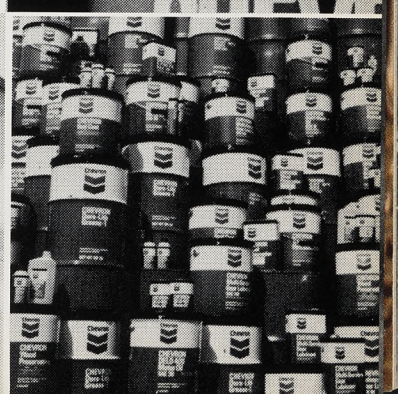
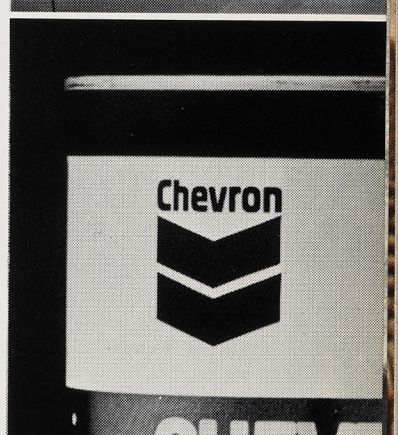
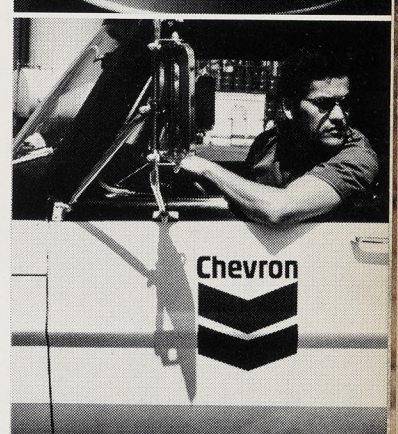

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MIDEAST

"Shall We Go and See the War?"

by MARSH CLARK

There was a mass reunion along the Nile and in Tel Aviv. Reminiscences of explosions in the Bogside and rockets in Phnom-Penh. Handshakes among the graduates of Khe Sanh U., class of '68. "I stood in the lobby and watched my life pass by before my eyes," said the A.P.'s Horst Faas. "It wasn't a question of who was there, but who wasn't."

There were few absentees among the newsmen who follow wars. "It's always the same," said the Israeli immigration officer to U.P.I.'s Bob Musel. "First the Arabs and then you." More than 1,000 journalists went to the Middle East to augment the corps of resident correspondents. Veterans of Indochina, Cyprus, Northern Ireland, Aden and the Congo, Kent State and Watts. Faas himself flew from an assignment in the Trobriand Islands of New Guinea where the natives wear grass skirts and practice free love. *Newsweek's* Arnaud de Borchgrave boarded an airplane in London with two fall suits, a dinner jacket and, since the banks were closed, no money. The ubiquitous William Touhy of the Los Angeles *Times* arrived from Rome with Gucci carry-on bag and typewriter. Charles Mohr's passport was in the safe of the Ethiopian embassy in Nairobi, awaiting a visa stamp. The Ethiopian ambassador refused to interrupt his weekend to open the embassy for Mohr to retrieve the passport. So the distinguished New York *Times* war correspondent persuaded a Marine guard at the U.S. embassy to open a cabinet containing embassy seals. At midnight Saturday

As Time's New York bureau chief Marsh Clark would have been covering the Mets in the World Series last October had he not been summoned to the reunion in the Middle East. He is a former Saigon and Jerusalem bureau chief.

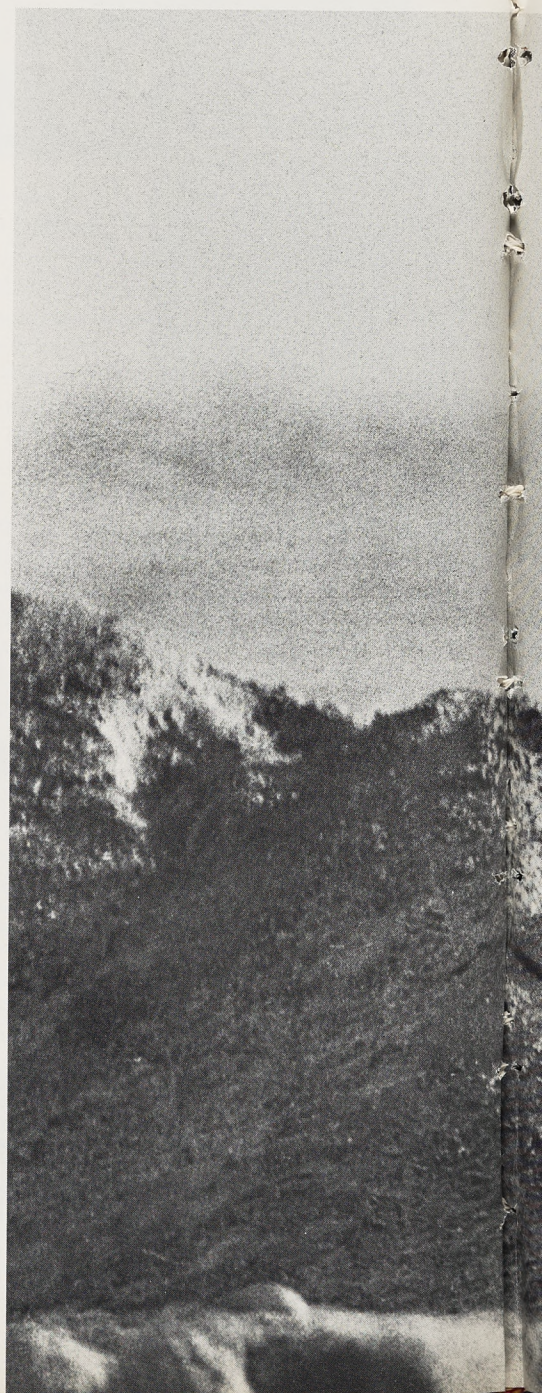
Mohr had a new passport and was on his way to Tel Aviv.

Given the number and the expertise of the newsmen, coverage of the Yom Kippur War should have been memorable. But it was not. Only a few of the stories that were written, broadcast, or telecast met the requirements of truly great journalism: unusual descriptive detail, out-of-the-ordinary insight, scintillating analysis. Most stories were front-line cameos, hastily engraved, or rehashes of military briefings held far away from the fighting. Yet collectively and individually, newsmen did good and sometimes fine work. Twenty-two-hour days were routine. Frightful dangers were accepted without demur. Ingenuity was commonplace.

This war was a test for journalists spoiled by permissive information practices that had let them wander pretty much where they pleased in South Viet Nam, Northern Ireland and India-Pakistan-Bangladesh. They now confronted official policies that inhibited and discouraged good reporting. Censorship was strict in both Egypt and Israel. When newsmen did get near the action and filed what they saw, their reports were expurgated of material that did not reflect favorably on the army they were covering.

With hindsight on the 18-day war, we can appreciate the symmetry of the Egyptian-Syrian attack and the political-military master stroke of the Israeli cross-Suez operation. We are purged now of the preconceptions that made early coverage so trying—the myths of Israeli invincibility and Arab ineptitude. (Yes, a number of us speculated that first Saturday morning that the Israelis had *intentionally* permitted the Egyptian army to cross the canal in order to annihilate it.)

It is fair to say that the Arab countries improved greatly on their dismal



information policies of 1956 and 1967 and that the Israelis did not. The journalists' natural tendency is to chafe at restrictions, to focus on the distortions and deceptions, the censorship and the confusion. But newsmen have had nothing but trouble in every war in history, including Viet Nam, where they were given almost unlimited access to the fighting but where on March 16, 1968, they dutifully accepted as fact what the American military gave them in a handout: ELEMENTS AMERICAL DIV, 11 LT INF BDE, MADE CONTACT WITH ENEMY FORCE UNKNOWN SIZE 9 KM NE QUANG NGAI CITY. INF SUPPORTED BY USA HEL GUNSHIPS AND ARTY. SPORADIC CONTACT CONT UNTIL 1500H WHEN CONTACT LOST. 128 ENEMY KIA/2 US KIA, 4 WIA (MEDEVACED) AND 6 WIA TREATED-RETND TO DY.

Outright deceptions visited on correspondents during the entire Yom Kippur War did not compare with a single My Lai.

On Oct. 16, Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin arrived in Cairo for consultations with President Anwar Sadat. The talks were critical, for Egyptian positions along the canal were starting to bend. Early that day, Israeli paratroopers had secured the first bridgeheads on the west bank of Suez just north of the Great Bitter Lake. By the time Kosygin landed in Cairo, Israeli armored elements were attacking emplacements of Russian-supplied ground-to-air missiles. "A phony air raid was called in an attempt to get all foreigners into the hotel shelter so we wouldn't

see Kosygin's motorcade drive by," says John Sheahan, CBS correspondent normally based in Bonn. "But it was our practice to conceal ourselves on upper floors during such raids so we could film in case there was a real bomb attack. So we saw Kosygin, but the censors killed any mention of his presence for several days. When New York queried me about Kosygin's whereabouts, my radio circuit was cut." The Egyptians relented slightly two days after the Premier arrived, allowing newsmen to say that "an important personage of a friendly power" was in town.

This incident was typical of the handling of major news by both sides. Shading meanings or omitting crucial information to suit the purposes of the Israelis or Arabs was the *modus oper-*

Israeli soldier in Sinai: Citation-winning photograph by Eddie Adams for Time

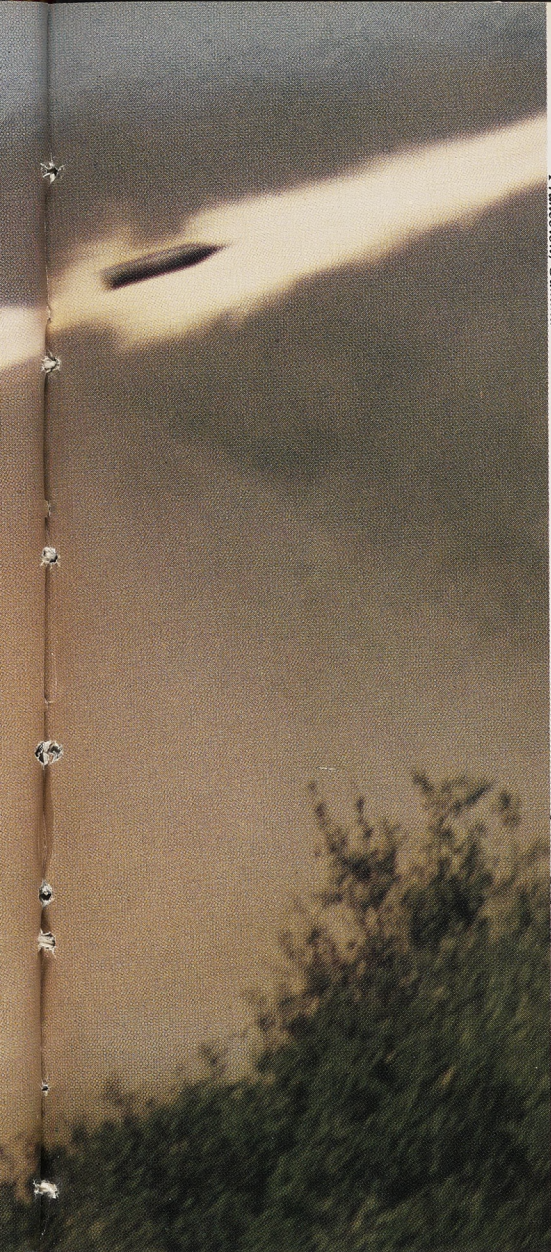




On Golan Heights, Israelis fire Soviet missile launchers captured from Syrians

Israeli half-track passes burning Syrian vehicles near Quneitra

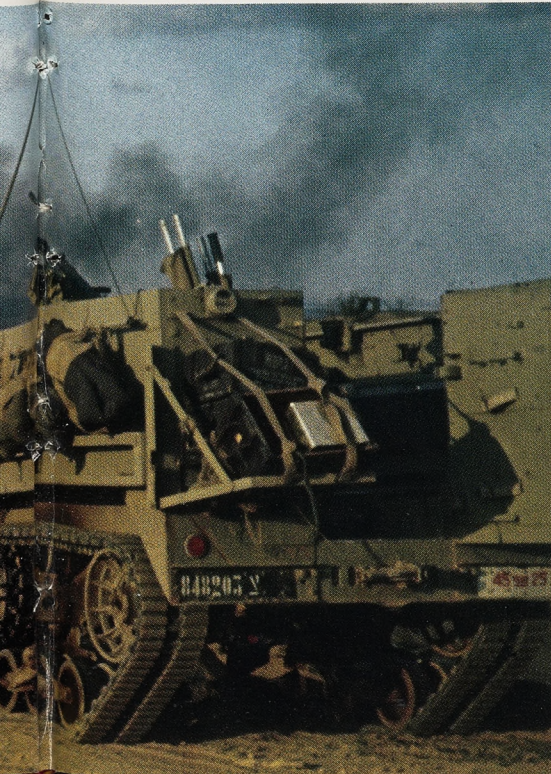




Francelon, Gamma

G. Melet, France-March-Camera 5

Mobile Israeli artillery firing on Syrians



Laurent, Gamma



andi. The full truth was as rare as the outright falsehood. Take this exchange between reporters and the most respected Israeli briefer, Colonel Nachman Karni, as reported by Nora Ephron for *New York* magazine:

Karni (finishing a post-cease-fire briefing): And now there is something more I would like to tell you. There are indications that we have that the Egyptians are making preparations for the resumption of fighting.

Reporter: Could you elaborate on that?

Karni: No.

Reporter: Colonel, you can't just leave it at that.

Karni: I assure you if I wanted to say more I would have said more. On the military front we are taking a very grave view of the situation.

Of the information dispensed at such briefings, Ms. Ephron mused: "It turned out that none of it meant anything, or everything meant something. Take your pick."

Getting into the warring countries; getting to the front; getting straight information; getting film developed; getting film and stories through the censors; getting information out of the country. The vexations seemed endless.

For most correspondents, the trip to Israel was arranged with comparative ease. By Sunday, the day after the fighting started, the state-owned airline, El Al, was booking passage to Tel Aviv for journalists who were queuing for space at airports in Athens, Rome, London, Paris. Since Cairo airport was closed (and remained so to commercial traffic until Nov. 1) many newsmen initially decided that Beirut was the best place to cover developments on the Arab side.

An enterprising few found a circuitous route to Cairo that proved to be the only way to get there for the rest of the war. *Newsweek's* de Borchgrave, along with a four-man BBC crew, flew to Benghazi and talked his way past immigration authorities. "The Libyans are prone to kick out foreigners, even those with valid visas," de Borchgrave says. "After three hours of pleading and cajoling, we finally got permission to spend the night in a hotel." The next day he and his companions trail-blazed the "Benghazi Express," an 800-mile trek by taxi across the desert. They paid the driver \$300 apiece, a tariff that was to inflate to \$400 for the newsmen who followed. "It took 23 hours to make the trip," says *Time's* Wilton Wynn, "but for some it dragged out to 40 hours, depending on how much time was spent on the Libyan-Egyptian frontier. One correspondent was sharing a car with an Egyptian couple whose children were included on their passport

but who had left the children at home. Libyan authorities didn't want to allow them to pass until they produced the children: 'How do we know that you haven't sold them?' The hassle took seven hours to settle." Near Benghazi, a British television cameraman had an unusual accident: his taxi collided with a camel.

The *Christian Science Monitor's* foreign editor, Geoffrey Godsell, set some kind of a record. His flight from Rome was diverted to Tripoli owing to a sandstorm at Benghazi. "At Tripoli, a very affable and capable Egyptian businessman laid on a taxi, and six of us piled in for the trip to Cairo." Thirty-eight hours, 1,200 miles and \$500 apiece later, they were in the Egyptian capital.

Arrival in Cairo simply meant more frustration. Censorship was rigid. Field trips were few. Egypt's antediluvian communications system couldn't cope. "The creaky radio beams, telephone cables and other precarious lines with the outside world buckled under the strain of hundreds of reporters trying to justify their existence," reported Jonathan Randal of the *Washington Post*. "To complicate matters, the war was fought during Ramadan, the Moslem month of fasting that is broken when the sun sets in a ceremony called 'Iftar.' As a result, the telex services, the censors and the whole bureaucracy seized up for an hour in the late afternoon, the most crucial filing time for many correspondents. The copy piled up and deadlines were missed all over the world."

Says Arthur Veysey, London bureau chief for the *Chicago Tribune*: "I felt like a little boy outside a stadium at a big game, running around and around trying to find a knothole in the fence and when discovering such a joy, having the view blocked by somebody standing on the inside."

Despite shortcomings, Egyptian officials "were more truthful and cooperative with the press than they were during the three most recent conflicts in Palestine," says *Time's* Wynn, a veteran of the Middle East. "It was quite a different atmosphere from 1967, when American correspondents narrowly escaped lynching by angry mobs, were interned and were later expelled, or 1956, when British correspondents were treated the same way. It was a well-publicized fact this time that the U.S. was resupplying Israel with arms, but even so American newsmen were treated with friendliness and, in fact, often seemed to get preferential treatment. Still it was impossible to cover the war from the Egyptian side as a war correspondent in the sense of having access to the front and moving about at your own initiative. We

were taken in groups only where the Egyptians wanted us to go and shown only what they wanted us to see."

Even the group excursions were excruciatingly difficult to organize. On one occasion Ahmed Anise, Egyptian Information Ministry spokesman, convened the 400 foreign newsmen and announced: "Military authorities tell me I can send 14 newsmen to the front. Gentlemen, I simply cannot choose 14 from among you. You will have to decide among yourselves who should go." The coveted spots were designated in what Jerrold Schecter, diplomatic editor of *Time*, described as "a bitter and wild melee of shouts and accusations." Soviet newsmen insisted that the pool be decided on the basis of socialist, Western and Third World countries, rather than on the basis of still and television cameramen, newspapers and newsmagazines. When the vote went against them, the Russians walked out.

For a time, the Egyptians placed censorship on incoming news-agency tickers, a restriction that was lifted when it dawned on officialdom that the press corps could still get news from the outside by radio. "On a typical day, I'd begin by listening to the BBC for a general overview," recalls Bob Allison of CBS News. "And the tone of Cairo radio contained clues as to how the war was going. If martial music was being played, Egyptian troops were moving ahead; if we heard love songs, not so good."

Two Egyptians did soothe the cramps of censorship, however slightly. Mohammed Hassanein Heikal, editor of the semiofficial *al Ahram* (since relieved of that job by President Sadat), wrote in fairly candid terms of the Israelis' crossing into Egypt, criticizing the censors as "apparatchiks, the lousy, impotent bureaucratic fools who understand nothing about the world and know nothing about communications." Ashraf Ghorbal, Sadat's counselor for press affairs and now ambassador to Washington, was helpful to Western newsmen and is given much of the credit for what improvement there was in Egyptian press policy. He inveighed against the military spokesmen who discounted the significance of the Israeli counterattack into Egypt. When the spokesmen refused to admit that the Cairo-Suez road had been interdictioned, it was Ghorbal who told newsmen: "The road is cut."

"Alas," Ghorbal said at one point, "we are but in swaddling clothes when it comes to the press."

Colleagues in Syria and Jordan were troubled too. "Never have so many known so little about so much," said the *Washington Post's* Jim Hoagland about the situation in Damascus. In

Amman, William McWhirter of *Time* complained that "there isn't much of a story and what little there is, is censored."

The group of 35 reporters and photographers in Jordan felt as if they were prisoners. They were threatened with arrest if they went beyond the outskirts of Amman. Television crews were not permitted to film outside their hotel, quickly nicknamed the "Colditz Intercontinental." The strictures are described by London-based McWhirter: "We were occasionally given a communiqué but were not granted a single government briefing. Requests to Jordanian officials to discuss any aspect of the war were rebuffed. Even the Minister for Information was unavailable. After twelve days, King Hussein held a 'press conference' at which he made a regally vague apology: 'I'm sorry there is not very much I can say at this time and under these circumstances.'"

In the 1967 war, Syria barred Western journalists. The presence of over 100 newsmen in Damascus last October was a marked improvement. While formal censorship was not in force, civilian officials did ask to look at outgoing stories and politely suggested changes, Hoagland reported at the time. "But correspondents have not been hindered in getting out stories. This is undoubtedly because Syrian sources are hermetically sealed. Diplomats here profess to know little and we cannot get to the front. There is really very little to censor in stories coming out of Damascus."

For most newsmen, says *Time's* Karsten Prager, "the first days of the war meant waiting at the Syrian border station, haggling with frontier officials, and watching MIGs and Phantoms dance their eerie dogfights." Once in Damascus, more than 100 journalists found themselves in a daily pilgrimage from their hotels to the headquarters of SANA, the Syrian Arab News Agency, to pick up the sparse communiqués and renew their pleas to go to the front. Aside from after-the-fact trips to targets hit by Israeli air raids—the Homs refinery, tank farms and power stations—newsmen were kept to the confines of the capital, watching dogfights and air raids from the roof of the New Ommayad.

"The rumbling of cannon and air strikes and the sonic booms of jet aircraft were constant and troubling reminders to the press corps that it was not where it wanted to be," says Prager. Two reporters who could stand it no longer, Don Kirk of the *Chicago Tribune* and Fred Bridgland of *Reuters*, sallied out from Damascus to look for action. When stopped by the Syrian army and asked their mission,

they said that they were looking for archaeological ruins. But Bridgland shortly owned up to their true purpose. They were detained overnight and two days later were bundled across the border to Lebanon.

The Syrians marred their performance with excessive claims. In the first fortnight, they announced that they had destroyed 303 Israeli planes. "With the Egyptian claims added in, the Arabs have now shot down, on paper at least, about 100 more planes than the Israelis were known to have possessed at the beginning of the war," Hoagland reported from Damascus. The Syrian assertion that its planes had bombed the oil refinery at Haifa, Israel, was widely disseminated in the United States. The report was not true. One Syrian aircraft did penetrate Israeli air space north of Haifa but mysteriously exploded and crashed.

Covering a People's Army can be trying. Photographers were riding atop a military bus headed for the Sinai front. The driver, a private, was bumping along happily, tuned into Tel Aviv radio's pop-music program. The photographers, trying to focus their long-range lenses on some distance action, asked their escort officer, an Israeli army colonel, to prevail on the driver to stop the bus. "It's my radio and my bus," retorted the driver, "and I'm not stopping." The photographers, unencumbered by rank, high or low, finally persuaded the driver to halt briefly so they could take pictures.

Reporters and photographers were permitted by Israeli authorities to visit fronts on the Golan Heights and at the canal. Innovative newsmen managed to get into the thick of the fighting. One night Jim Hartz was anchoring the *Eleventh Hour News* on WNBC-TV in New York. Next day, he was on his way to Israel where he became his own story when, with tape recorder and film rolling, he and his crew had to bail out of their car on the Golan Heights, "hypnotized by the erupting earth" and bracketed by Syrian artillery fire. Five miles away that day, the respected Nicholas Tomalin of the London *Sunday Times* was killed by a Syrian rocket. All of the press corps casualties in the Yom Kippur War were among those covering the Israeli side. "We had almost too much access," said NBC's David Burrington. "Here we are in open country, unlike Viet Nam. It's a wonder more of us have not been killed." The toll was four dead—Tomalin and three Israelis, including Radio Israel's Senior Producer Rafi Unger. Among the wounded was David Halevy, *Time's* stringer in Tel Aviv. Mobilized for the war and leading his unit in the intense Sinai fighting, Halevy received a neck wound

**Howard K. Smith and
Harry Reasoner on
the ABC Evening News.**



**Weeknights on the
ABC Television Network.**



from shrapnel. He dictated his report to the editors on how the war was going while swathed in bandages at Jerusalem's Hadassah Medical Center and later returned to his unit.

To cover the fighting with official sanction meant lining up one of the 80 escort officers provided by the Israeli military. The escorts, a mixed bag of reservists hastily mobilized, were diverse in occupation—a Knesset member, a Tel Aviv University professor of political science, a movie star (Haim Topol of *Fiddler on the Roof*). “We were able to get as far as the escort officer felt himself safe to go,” says CBS's Tel Aviv manager, Dan Bloom. “A good escort officer meant freedom to move about. A bad one spelled frustration.” Bloom recounts that the Bob Simon-David Green television crew got as an escort a reserve captain who had returned to Israel the day before after spending six years in Sweden. “He was so nervous about security that no matter where the camera was pointed, he interfered. He refused to allow any interview in the field. It got so bad that Simon ended up having his film confiscated and being virtually placed under arrest.”

Certainly in the eyes of European correspondents, the system of assignment was unfair. American newsmen were treated best. British and German reporters jockeyed for escorts with only partial success. Journalists from France, a country whose relations with Israel were strained to the point of rupture sat, figuratively, in the back of the press bus if they got on it at all. Gerald Loughran, U.P.I. bureau manager in Paris, encountered an Israeli doctor in Sinai who shouted, “You're an Englishman who works in Paris? Well, put this down: All Englishmen are s.o.b.s and all Frenchmen are double s.o.b.s.”

It was the New York *Times's* Jerusalem bureau chief, Terence Smith, who minted the nickname “the coffin” for the blue and yellow bus that transported some correspondents to the fronts. Smith, a sensible veteran of Viet Nam, vowed not to ride in it. It seems a miracle that the bus, an inviting target, was never hit by Egyptian or Syrian marksmen. Ironically, it achieved a degree of military notoriety: as newsmen were standing near the bus on one Golan Heights outing, six Syrian soldiers came out of hiding and surrendered to them.

Correspondents who spurned the coffin drove themselves to the front and returned to Tel Aviv the same day to make their deadlines. “Time, time, time. That was our enemy!” says CBS's

Bert Quint, another old Viet Nam hand. “We would drive 15 hours a day and have only an hour to find a story and shoot it. In this, the first satellite war—transmitting live from the country where the war was being fought—we didn't have the luxury of shipping back film in another car, resting in the Sinai, and shooting the next day. There was no place to sleep. The Israelis wouldn't let you stay overnight. We'd drive all the way back to Tel Aviv for ‘birding’ at midnight.”

Mohr called it “the rent-a-car war,” and distraught Hertz, Avis and Kopel managers in Tel Aviv agreed. Some rental cars had windows and tires blown out; others got stuck in the Sinai sand and were abandoned.

But the physical wear-and-tear—the eternal battle to stay awake while driving—were nothing compared to the misleading statements issued by Israeli commanders. And censorship.

“There is singular frustration in covering a war in progress,” reported Bernard D. Nossiter of the Washington *Post's* London bureau. “Nothing and no one is worthy of much belief, and a reporter's own senses—sight, smell and instinct—are of remarkably limited use. Three weeks of reporting from the Israeli side left me more convinced than ever that journalism is much like firing a mortar. To get anywhere near the target, you must first overshoot, then undershoot and hopefully come close on the third round. There were two ways of doing the job: either sit in Tel Aviv to get the big picture or move out by press bus or rented car for a limited glimpse of a fighting front. Both were splendidly unsatisfactory.”

William Marmon, *Time's* bureau chief in Jerusalem, reports that “one of the aphorisms to emerge from the October war is that the Arabs learned from the Israelis how to fight, and the Israelis learned from the Egyptians how to lie. That may overstate the case somewhat, since by the end of the war both sides were back on form, but not before the seeds of an Israeli credibility gap were planted.” When Israel was attacked, Prime Minister Golda Meir went on national television and stated, “We were not surprised.” Her public optimism was buttressed by that of Defense Minister Moshe Dayan and Chief of Staff General David Elazar, who told newsmen that Israeli forces were “breaking their [the Arabs'] bones.” No such process was taking place; in fact, the outcome hung in the balance then on both fronts. Israel Radio broadcast con-

Ennio Silasvuo via U.P.I.



Historic moment inside U.N. tent at Kilometer

sistently rosy reports. The public was buoyed by announcements that Israeli planes had knocked out nine of the eleven Egyptian bridges across the Suez Canal. What was not stated until four days later was that the Soviet-built pontoon spans could be repaired in only 30 minutes and Egyptian forces were still pouring across the waterway.

Three days after the war started, former Chief of Military Intelligence Aharon Yariv was named Chief of Information to replace the hapless Brigadier General Pinhas Lahav. Yariv promptly formed a committee to coordinate information policy. Next day Dayan met with Israeli editors and gave the bad news. He told them that he intended to go on television and tell all, because “the people deserve to know the truth.”

Mrs. Meir, however, forbade Dayan to make the television appearance. Instead, she asked Yariv to do it. And so, on the fourth day of the war, the Israeli public learned for the first time that the fighting would be long and hard, the supposedly impregnable Bar Lev line had been evacuated, and the Egyptians were firmly ensconced on the east bank of the canal.

The credibility chasm quickly showed up in surveys. The percentage of the public who believed “all or most” of what government spokesmen were saying dropped from 55% to 41% during



101: Egyptian and Israeli officers meet with peacekeeping officials.

the war, and, of those who believed the media, fell all the way from 85% to 55%. Elihu Katz, director of the Communications Institute at Hebrew University, concluded that "information policy was never thought through. There were no contingencies for telling bad news."

How could the Israelis, of all people, fumble the handling of news? In the first place, information policy is given low priority in Israel. Military spokesmen have no news experience. Indeed they often appear to be selected for their reticence and caution and inability to articulate.

In addition, Israeli censorship, distended even during peacetime to cover such nonmilitary activities as immigration and oil importation, becomes almost obsessively secretive in war. The idea is widespread among Israeli officialdom that the public must be protected from bad news because of the fragility of the society. New immigrants from Eastern Europe and Sephardic Jews from North Africa and Arab countries are simply not ready for the free-wheeling style of the Western press, or so the reasoning goes. Israeli censors often delete well-known news until it is reported from abroad. A recent example of this was the conflagration at the Israelis' oil farm at Abu Rudeis, near the Suez Canal,

started by the misfire of an Israeli Hawk antiaircraft missile. The fire burned for months, consuming \$120,000 worth of oil a day. The cause of the blaze was an open secret in Israel, but censors blocked transmission until the story was broken by a television correspondent who left the country.

Internal politics provides a final complication. Correspondents were forbidden to discuss in dispatches whether the Israeli government and military had been surprised by the Arab attack, for that might hurt morale and might, of course, weaken the government. All reporting on what transpired within the Israeli cabinet on the eve of the war was exorcised. Newsmen's attempts to make the politically active Dayan look bad, or, for that matter, look good, were censored. The *Post's* Nossiter noted that for days after General Ariel Sharon was known both in Israel and abroad as the leader of the daring Israeli assault on the west bank of Suez, his name could not be mentioned in dispatches from Tel Aviv. "Sharon, of course, happens to be the leader of Likud, the chief coalition opposing Mrs. Meir's government and a stern critic of the government's conduct of the war." It is Marmon's belief that these deficiencies, and those of censorship, may be at least partially corrected as the result of postwar gov-

ernmental studies and the creation of a new cabinet-level position—Minister of Information.

As in Egypt, cameramen had their share of anguish. Faas reports that "the most meaningful conversation I had during the war was with an Israeli censor who told me 'I hear you're famous, and we wouldn't want you to be hurt here. We don't like Viet Nam-type pictures here, so stop going out there and risking injury for pictures that won't pass my desk.' If you were lucky enough to have a dead Egyptian in front of your lens or a burning Syrian tank, your pictures got by. But I don't feel I really covered the war. It was impossible to find out what was happening."

Ironically, Faas' best-known picture from the Yom Kippur War was not a combat photo in the strict sense. It was of an Israeli soldier kicking a dog that was bothering a wounded Egyptian prisoner. The photo, showing the dog sailing through the air, brought Faas nothing but grief. "Ah, so you're the guy with the dog," Israeli censors taunted him. Thirty-four Israeli newsmen signed a petition asking for Faas' expulsion from the country on the ground that the photograph had been "detrimental to Israel's interest." Faas stayed.

There was no genie-in-the bottle way to cover the 1973 Middle East war. By weight of numbers, influence and finance, the larger news organizations suffered least from official harassments. While Freelancer Richard Boyle was hitchhiking alone to the Suez front in his U.S. Army fatigues and posing as an American bridge engineer, CBS had four correspondents, seven television crews, two film editors and three producers ranging Israel from top to bottom.

At the next war reunion, there will be many new stories to remember: ABC's Lou Cioffi arriving at the top of embattled Mount Hermon in a bright orange minibus, having traversed seven Israeli roadblocks. CBS's Sheahan twice managing to sneak film across the cease-fire line west of Suez to Tel Aviv-based colleagues in order to catch the satellite. And the London *Daily Telegraph's* military correspondent, Brigadier J.W.M. Thompson, 64, calmly eating a pickup lunch during a Syrian air attack on the Golan Heights while younger correspondents dove for cover. His lunch finished, Thompson drove off with the cheerful farewell words, "Shall we go see the war now?"

CHILE

The Score in the Stadium

by RUDOLPH S. RAUCH III

On the surface it seemed like an easy story: another South American President overthrown by the military; another palace attacked and burned; some dead, more wounded; a promise by the men who took power to hunt down those who had surrendered it. There had even been a three-year buildup that should have spared the most obtuse observer the embarrassment of surprise. It should have been easy to explain to a world that had read voraciously about Salvador Allende Gossens' Chile. The action, most of it, took place in the five-block area surrounding the Moneda Palace in central Santiago, and the few journalists who happened to be in town on Sept. 11 were nearly all staying in the 14-story Hotel Carrera, about 200 yards from the palace and with an unobstructed view.

But Chile was tough. From the very beginning there was a mystifying inability to get even the most rudimentary journalistic facts straight. *Who* killed Salvador Allende? *When* was the coup planned? *What* made the plotters decide to move? *How* many people died in the attack and in the aftermath? Most of these questions were answered with dizzying variety in the days following the coup, and many of them still do not have a single clear answer that is commonly accepted—even among members of the press. The debate continues at a pitch almost unprecedented for a story that was pushed off the front pages by a major war and kept off by a mephitic political scandal in the U.S. Why?

From the minute the coup began early that Tuesday morning in September, obstacles to reporting began

to crop up. Many were standard ones—closed airports, blocked telephones, uncertain rumors. But they soon proved to be unique in scale if standard in conception: no planes went in or out of Chile for at least four days, and it was eight days before the first press charter brought 100 newsmen in from Buenos Aires. Telephone connections with the outside world ran through the Argentine town of Mendoza, and at one point the Buenos Aires telephone exchange reported a backlog of 2,000 calls. The correspondents in Santiago, who were the envy of their colleagues, were actually in an unenviable position. Hungry, immobilized by a 24-hour curfew, pinned down, the eyewitnesses for the most part had to rely mainly on their ears. In the first ten minutes of the attack on the Moneda, the U.P.I. office in Santiago took

nearly 100 rounds of automatic weapons fire. So much glass was broken by the end of the siege that Steve Yolen and his staff resorted to sliding around the floor on cardboard box sidings in order to avoid cutting their hands and knees.

Correspondents like the *Wall Street Journal's* Everett Martin had seen trouble coming and had gone to the center of action—only to find themselves trapped. Most of the journalists were caught in their hotels by the early onset of the coup, the bulk of them in the Carrera, and they were quickly obliged to abandon their ring-side seats when the hotel manager ordered everyone into the basement. Said *Time's* Charles Eisendrath, "It looked like a London tube station during the blitz, albeit with a wildly international flavor." By the time the

Demonstrators fill Santiago streets before the coup

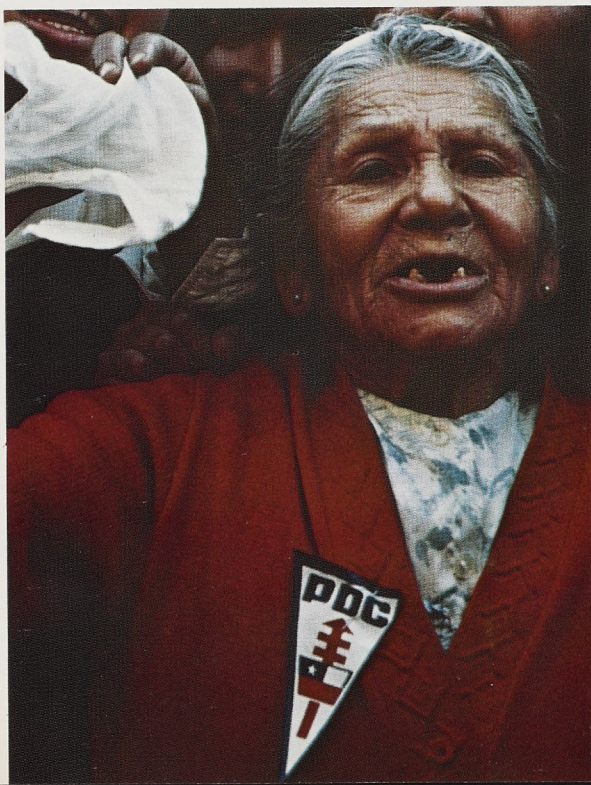


Rudolph Rauch had covered the Common Market and the Viet Nam War before going to South America for Time. They seemed almost simple compared to Chile.



Old woman denouncing Allende

Presidential palace on fire



correspondents could emerge to take stock of the situation and advantage of their scoop, the new government had slapped on strict censorship. Those correspondents who managed to get through by telephone to Mendoza to dictate stories were warned that their calls had been monitored and that they would be held accountable for their dispatches. Not until repeated protests convinced the government that the censorship was wrecking the image of the country did copy flow freely.

For those outside the country, the week was less dangerous but more frustrating. Some 75 journalists packed off to Mendoza to try crossing by land into Chile. For many of them, the days passed in a tedious trip in a chartered microbus along the mostly unpaved road from Mendoza to the crossing point at Las Cuevas, a bleak little town 7,000 feet up in the Andes, where in September the bitter wind seems never to die.

Once, the journalists presented a petition at the border requesting safe conduct and "information on how we, representatives of the international news media, can report on what is happening in Chile." The lack of response from the military authorities was prophetic.

From the very beginning there was something about Chile that made it certain there would be disagreements about what had happened, something that would not let people be neutral—even people with long practice in keeping themselves out of a story. In fact, those reporters who were intent on reflecting mainly the views of their sources were perhaps in greater danger of erring than were the newsmen who followed their own instincts. For there was no such animal as a neutral source in Chile by September, and it was rare indeed even to find a person of respectable intellect who could in good conscience call himself "objective." Predictably, the figure around whom the controversy swirled was Salvador Allende, now dead, but suddenly the target of all the odium his enemies had never dared let loose and of all the devotion his supporters had always withheld.

For those who overthrew Allende, there was no sin so base that it could not be attributed to him, no plot of which he was not guilty, no crime he had not committed, no innocent he had not duped. Allende was accused of having kept a lavish retreat stocked with women's clothes and imported whisky. When he was not engaged in subverting the constitution or plotting the execution of the military, it was said, he would retire to the retreat to amuse himself in debaucheries. This

line was dutifully trumpeted by the conservative dailies that the regime permitted to publish after Sept. 11. The military was convinced—or pretended to be—that Allende had been mounting a monstrous plot to kill them all. They had caught him at his scheme and given him his just punishment, and now everything that could be linked with him had to go—books, ministers, buildings, newspapers or even, finally, the constitution that had allowed him to get where he did. The generals started out leading a revolution; within a week they were performing an exorcism and heading for a holy war.

On the other side, the reaction was similar but more muted. Socialists who had derided Allende for being too soft

stand spread-eagled against the wall of the National Stadium while their documents were checked and their film seized.

When an ABC pickup crew filmed a man being arbitrarily shot dead at the feet of reporter Geraldo Rivera near the National Stadium, Rivera knew he would have to hand-carry the film out of the country. Rivera tucked two cans, each containing 400 feet of color film, as inconspicuously as he could into the waist of his trousers. When he arrived at the airport, he froze: all departing passengers were being body-searched. Spotting by chance a junta colonel turned TV station manager whom he had met earlier, Rivera bluffed: "It is very insulting to be body-searched." Agreeing, the colonel

Tears for Poet Pablo Neruda, who died of cancer shortly after coup.



David Burnett, Gamma

suddenly perceived his value as a martyr and heaped upon him the praise that they had always denied him. The very real attempts by Allende supporters like Carlos Altamirano to subvert the military were dismissed.

Against this background the press had to try to find out what was really happening, operating in an atmosphere that was never entirely free of menace—the police might suddenly arrive at your door and march you off to the Defense Ministry. That happened to Marlise Simon, the *Washington Post* correspondent, whose telephone conversation with her foreign editor was interrupted by the arrival of four soldiers who took her to the Defense Ministry, detaining her for four hours. Other members of the press were roughed up, even though properly accredited, and two photographers—David Burnett of Gamma and Bob Sherman of Camera 5—were made to

Civilian forced to sidewalk



Chas Gerretsen, Gamma



Chas Gerretsen, Gamma

The junta: Pinochet front and center



David Burnett, Gamma

Inside the National Stadium

took Rivera's arm and steered him, with ballooning midsection, through the danger zone to his plane.

Others were not so lucky. Freelance Journalist Paul Hoeffel spent twelve days in the National Stadium, primarily, he believes, because the soldiers who arrested him found several posters in his apartment that they thought were in Russian; they were in Hebrew.

Convinced that they had embarked on a holy war, government officials brooked no discussion whatever of the information they dispensed. In an interview with *Time's* Benjamin Cate

and this correspondent, the secretary general of the junta, Colonel Pedro Ewing, insisted that his figures for the number of dead—then around 400—were correct. "You print what we say," he complained, "but then you add, 'unofficial sources say,' and the implication is that our figures are false. You *must* believe our figures, they are the only ones that are right."

This belligerent righteousness extended to the very highest levels of the new regime. At a reception given by departing U.S. Ambassador Nathaniel Davis, the wife of new Junta President Augusto Pinochet Ugarte flatly told CBS's Frank Manitzas that no mistakes had been made by the military and that all reports to the contrary were slanders. When Manitzas pointed out that his own house had been searched and his wife and children held at gunpoint, Mrs. Pinochet demanded to know the name of the commander of the detail that had carried out the search. Manitzas, who had

not been at home at the time, said that he did not know the name of the officer. Then, said Chile's First Lady, the search could not possibly have taken place. An embassy aide intervened to deflect further discussion of the point.

Three weeks after the coup, Air Force Commander General Gustavo Leigh Guzmán responded to a question about coverage of the coup by saying: "Never in my life did I think that international Communism was so powerful—how far it had infiltrated, perhaps subconsciously, the principles of very important newspapers and magazines."

At the same time, the new leaders were remarkably easy to see. Says Marvin Howe, who split coverage of Chile for the *New York Times* with Jonathan Kandell: "The top people were very accessible and wanted to get their story across, but it was strange that usually they wanted to talk about the past, about how bad they thought Allende was. You could never get them to talk about what was happening or going to happen." Trying to get figures on virtually any matter was damnably frustrating too. "They'd say you had to use official figures, and then they wouldn't give official figures," Howe recalls. "You had *de facto* censorship at the source when it came to facts and statistics."

Ten days after the coup, the government arranged a press tour of the National Stadium. Correspondents were loaded onto buses and driven to the football field that was already earning unwelcome prominence as a symbol of repression. The journalists were not permitted to talk with any of the prisoners but were instead herded onto the playing field and allowed to look at the 3,000 or so detainees who were taking in the afternoon sun. The more adventurous newsmen showed their resentment of the prepackaged tour by pegging packets of cigarettes across the cinder track to the prisoners. At a question-and-answer session with the stadium commander all reports of torture or executions were denied. But nobody was ever allowed to ask a prisoner what had happened. One journalist who tried, the *Christian Science Monitor's* James Goodsell, was forcefully pushed away by a nervous soldier.

After a weekend raid on the San Borja apartment complex in central Santiago yielded several thousand feet of film showing government troops burning books by such authors as John Kenneth Galbraith and Mark Twain, the official press spokesman denied that the books were being burned for political reasons; rather, he explained, the books had been found to contain codes, and their incineration was necessary to frustrate the "enemy."

The government's credibility was undermined, but whom could you believe?

"Slaughterhouse in Santiago," proclaimed the headline in *Newsweek* over a two-page piece written by John Barnes, a former Latin American bureau chief for *Newsweek*, who had been sent from London to join Ann Scott, the magazine's Buenos Aires correspondent. The story was sensational: Barnes described two visits to the Santiago morgue, where, he said, he had found 200 naked bodies stacked on separate floors. The daugh-

ter of a morgue attendant told Barnes that by the time he visited the place, 2,796 bodies had been processed—roughly 200 dead a day, Barnes figured, for the capital alone. “Slaughterhouse in Santiago” continued with stories given Barnes by residents of at least three of the *poblaciones* that shelter nearly half the capital’s four million residents. The stories were uniformly horrifying: menfolk in shantytowns had been taken off by the police and never seen again; three petty thieves rescued from the police by charitable neighbors, who took up a collection to bribe the *carabineros*, were executed despite the payoff. Headless corpses were visible through small windows in caskets shown to Barnes.

Barnes’s blockbuster shook everybody: readers were appalled, editors were indignant that their own correspondents did not have the story in such vivid detail, and the Chilean government was apoplectic. Since Barnes had filed his story from Lima and was in the U.S., the government could only rage against the “vampire” journalism of the foreign press, doing everything it could to discredit the story. The figure of 2,796 bodies used by Barnes represented, the government said, the total number of bodies that had been processed through the municipal morgue since Jan. 1. To support the claim, it adduced a figure of roughly 3,000, which was the number processed in 1972.

Before the Barnes story appeared, most reporters had been very cautious in describing what they may have felt

was going on in Santiago but could not prove. Despite rumors of mass killings, there had been few published reports about them because the journalists could not find the bodies that would substantiate the rumors. Everybody was looking for bodies. Several reporters besides Barnes had gone to the municipal morgue. None claimed to have got inside, but they did see lists of dead posted outside. As soon as those lists became an object of journalistic inquiry, they were removed on orders of the Interior Ministry. Other journalists, Barnes included, had interviewed gravediggers, trying to learn whether business had picked up noticeably. No one had actually seen what Barnes claimed to have seen, and Barnes himself went inside the morgue primarily because a girl who was working with him told him that she had seen truckloads of bodies being unloaded outside. Barnes’s was the first visual testimony of what many people had suspected but never had sufficient evidence to risk publishing.

The Barnes story promptly became a storm center. The government and those journalists who did not believe it set out to disprove it, while those who found it credible cited it as evidence that the military takeover had installed a gang of butchers in the place of the freely elected Salvador Allende. The *Wall Street Journal* devoted its entire editorial page to an attack on the Barnes story.

To this day the main point of dispute is still unclear: how many people did die? Virtually nobody accepted the

absurdly low government claims, but what was the truth? Two independent sources reported, for example, that on the morning before All Saints’ Day—more than two months after the coup—some 40 bodies were seen floating near a beer factory in the Mapocho River. International agencies, including Amnesty International, have published reports charging the government with systematic use of torture, arbitrary detention and execution without trial. In mid-October the official death figure provided by the Secretary-General of the military government was roughly 400. By mid-January of 1974 the Minister of Health told the *New York Times* that the tally was up to 2,500, and in early February a Chilean diplomat, speaking with a journalist about to go to Santiago, estimated the death toll at 3,000. Yet during those four months the regime repeatedly insisted that summary executions had ceased, those who practiced torture would be punished, and human rights were being respected. Those who have believed the government claims have been consistently obliged to change their opinions, while those who have been charged with exaggerations have repeatedly been proved to be closer to the truth.

A good many questions that might have been explored were left unprobed. Why, for example, when the government claimed that all resistance had stopped, did one hear nightly shooting in Santiago? Why was it necessary to step up vigilance, change curfew hours capriciously and forbid people trapped by the early curfew to stay overnight at the houses of friends? Why was it necessary to expel correspondents from *Le Monde* and *Corriere della Sera* and hold a Swedish journalist for more than a week before deporting him? None of these questions has been answered satisfactorily so far, and many of them have not even been discussed in the foreign press. Journalists still inside Chile know that if they offend the regime they will be expelled. Reporters must wonder whether their colleagues would rally to their support if their articles provoked government displeasure—or would join the government in trying to disprove them.

What happens now as the government extends its iron grip into every area of the country’s life? What happens in the universities, where politics was everything and now is proscribed? What happens in the *poblaciones* where those waiting in line cannot afford to pay for the bread. Whatever happens, the truth in Chile will not be self-evident.

After the coup: freshly dug graves in Santiago cemetery



David Burnett, Gamma

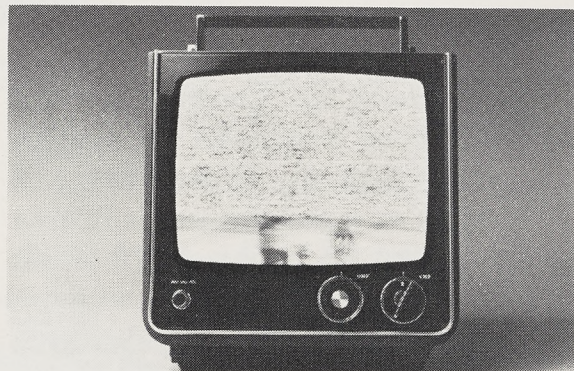


The real

The news media, both broadcast and print, continue to be the center of controversy. Have they gone too far or aren't they going far enough?

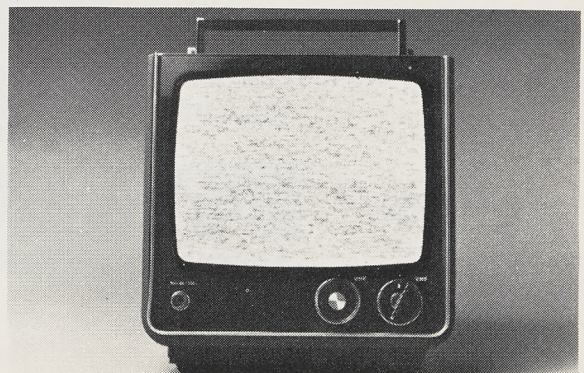


The very heart of a democracy is an open free-flow of information. Without it, our system of government cannot exist. A non-informed electorate is no electorate at all. Without freedom to investigate and report the news from every angle, the members of the press become corporate and government spokesmen. We must keep the channels of communication open to all, even when it hurts.



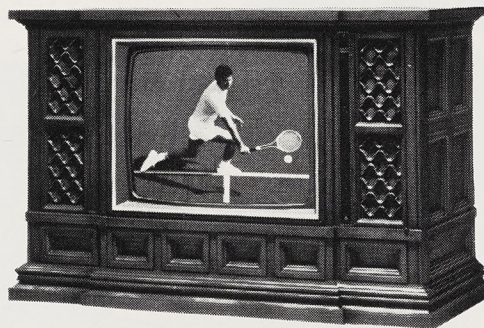
The ideal

An open society in which information is passed freely back and forth.
The more we know, the better off we are.





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TV service technicians say yes. Again.

Here are the questions and answers from a nationwide survey.

QUESTION: "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?"

ANSWERS:	Zenith	35%
	Brand A	14%
	Brand B	11%
	Brand C	5%
	Brand D	3%
	Brand E	3%
	Brand F	2%
	Brand G	2%
	Brand H	2%
	Brand I	1%
	Other Brands	3%
	About Equal	13%
	Don't Know	11%

QUESTION: "If you were buying a new color TV set for yourself today, which brand would you buy?"

ANSWERS:	Zenith	35%
	Brand A	23%
	Brand B	12%
	Brand D	6%
	Brand C	4%
	Brand E	4%
	Brand F	3%
	Brand G	3%
	Brand H	2%
	Brand I	2%
	Other Brands	6%
	Don't Know	8%

NOTE: Answers total more than 100% because some service technicians named more than one brand.

How the survey was made.

For the second consecutive year, one of the best known research firms in America conducted a study of independent TV service technicians' attitudes toward brands of color television. And again Zenith was the number one brand named in answer to each question, as shown in the charts. Telephone interviews were conducted with TV service technicians themselves in April, 1972, and again in April, 1973, in more than 170 cities from coast to coast. To eliminate the factor of loyalty to a single brand, the study included only shops which serviced more than one brand of TV.

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EUROPE

The Non-Year of Non-Europe

by WILLIAM RADEMAEKERS

The year of devaluations, revaluations and floats? The year of the composition of salami? The year of the elusive story? 1973 was all of these. But it was hardly Europe's year, as advertised. It began optimistically enough with the enlargement of the Community from six to nine members—an enlargement celebrated throughout Britain with great galas, concerts and solemn pledges to bring British parliamentary democracy to the Continent. It ended in a general European stampede for oil and a generous amount of name-calling, finger-pointing and nay-saying.

In between, there was always a story out there, but it often took on the proportions of a Bach fugue. In the great old reporting days of the cold war, U.P.I.'s Joe Fleming had a stock lead for stories out of West Berlin. It began with a sentence such as "Dark clouds of tension hang over this beleaguered city today." With a few quick pencil strokes it could also have been the standard lead for most of the stories out of Europe in 1973. Clouds of tension were always hanging over 1) the Community, 2) the Atlantic Alliance, 3) the worldwide monetary system, 4) NATO, 5) name a country and 6) if any editor would accept the metaphor, even the proposed Chunnel underneath the English Channel.

"Covering Europe in 1973," says

William Rademaekers, now Time's chief European correspondent, has spent 20 years covering Europe, logging 250,000 miles (some of it by Vespa, donkey and hydrofoil) and filing from 200 date-lines (from Novosibirsk to the Pilsner brewery), while arguing with border guards, swallowing Sacher torte and raising cattle on his Normandy farm. This spring, for comic relief, he and his family are planning to tour America in a camper—gas permitting.

Flora Lewis of the *New York Times*, "was like making rabbit stew. First you had to find the rabbit. Was Europe in the big glass building in Brussels full of Eurocrats, where you can spend the day hearing how and why nothing important gets done? Or was it next door in the concrete building called Charlemagne, where you are obliged to spend your nights waiting for foreign ministers, agriculture ministers, finance ministers to finish their arguments about how to make sure things won't be done?"

"Maybe Europe was in Helsinki or Geneva, where they are conferring on European security. Maybe it was Vienna, where they are dancing a slow minuet and calling it 'Mutual (and no longer officially balanced) force reductions.' Or Paris? The French say they are the most European of all and that if others want to become European they will have to be as French as Paris. But if Paris is Europe, whatever happened to France? It's a lively stew all right. Plenty of bubbles and spice for coverage. Only one thing missing. The rabbit."

For those who believed the rabbit was in Brussels, there was virtually an unending variation of spice in the form of conferences and after-midnight meetings. The Council of Ministers alone met 47 times—or almost once a week. Beyond that, there was a dazzling array of subconferences and mini-meetings, most of which required some form of coverage. Carl Hartman of the Associated Press, a benumbed veteran of these, notes, "To the perpetual inconvenience of reporters, deskmen and a good deal of the European civil service, Cabinet ministers who run the Common Market have got into the practice of starting sessions at 4 p.m. and fighting to the finish. Midnight is fairly early for a meeting to end; some go on through dawn. The ministers meet behind closed doors in a glass

penthouse, from which spokesmen—official and unofficial—occasionally trickle down to earth. A reporter has to do his best to balance the special pleading of each spokesman and extract something meaningful from bureaucratic gobbledygook in half a dozen European languages. When no deci-



sions are made—which is often the case—the wire service men and a few others still have to come up with immediate accounts of the failure and what it means, even when all the Teletype operators have gone home.”

Above all, 1973 was the year in which we learned about money, or, more specifically, how far the dollar could fall. It wasn't an easy story, or a very pleasant one. Asked for West German reaction to one of the many dollar downs, U.P.I.'s Bonn bureau chief, Wellington Long, cabled a response that spoke for all. “You'll get it,” he said, “but it's hard to see the typewriter through my tears.” U.P.I.'s European diplomatic correspondent, Richard Longworth, also learned the vagaries of money-reporting the hard way: “We all became exchange-rate watchers—even my kids, hoarding birthday dollars from grandparents until the rate went up. Other U.P.I. staffers asked for advice about when to cash dollar checks, but I had a perfect record of cashing my own at exactly the wrong time and kept the advice window closed.”

Money meetings, and similar sessions throughout Europe, are bad enough for the specialist correspondent, but for the generalist they are literally horror stories. Covering the SALT talks at Geneva, for example, a correspondent can find himself thrust into the wonderful world of reflex-retaliation, total counterforce options, strategic rein-

forcement and tactical nuclear thresholds. Standing outside the meeting of finance ministers in Brussels, he might take learned notes on the relative importance of real relative income, the good and bad aspects of the “Tombstone,” the virtues of elasticities as opposed to substitution elasticity, or the net restrictive monetary effect v. the income effect.

If he likes farming, he might try a day covering the interminable meetings of the ministers of agriculture, where they talk about the average unit value of total primary produce with as much ease and fluency as they discuss appropriate weight, plus deflator, and the “pass-through” of input price increases.

All this, alas, is the stuff of European reporting, not only in 1973, but also for years ahead. Progress in the European Community is measured not only in political summits but in the minutiae of the composition of salami and the price of butter. There is, in fact, a certain schizophrenia in covering Europe these days. Many correspondents are expected to keep abreast of the general “European” trend, while at the same time concentrating on a national beat.

The Washington Post's Paris correspondent, Jonathan Randal, complains: “The main problem is making European news sources—and especially French ones—realize that the root of the word press is to be pressed for time. Faced with tough problems, the Pavlovian reaction at the Quai d'Orsay is to

disappear into interminable and otherwise mysterious ‘conferences.’ One reason, of course, that no big news seems to break in France until late afternoon is that the dispensers of news are all out eating. The French can never get it together before 7 or 8 o'clock in the evening. French upmanship also demands written questions before granting any interview—a once quaint and widely practiced habit that has happily disappeared everywhere except in the Communist world and what Sir Alec Douglas-Home, in a felicitous malapropism, once called ‘the under-developing world.’”

Newsweek's correspondent in Madrid, Miguel Acoca, insists that the Spaniards are far greater masters of evasion than even the French. “Spanish officials,” he says, “refuse to answer even the most trivial questions over the telephone for fear of saying the wrong thing over a line they suspect is tapped. Often a correspondent is forced to wine and dine a source until well after midnight in a restaurant where he feels ‘safe’ to talk. Facts are hard to come by because of the Franco regime's penchant for late hours and secrecy. The bomb assassination of Prime Minister Luis Carrero Blanco, for example, was the biggest news event in Spain since the end of the civil war in 1939. Carrero Blanco was killed at 9:37 hours, but the first government official did not go on television to explain it until 24:00 hours.



Michael Witte for Dateline

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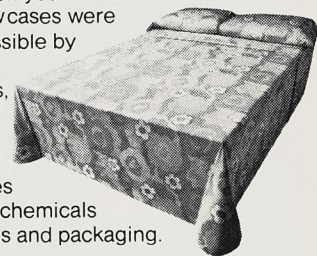


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One of the shots seen round the world: carless Amsterdam

Other stories, such as the new tax law or foreign investment bill, are classified as state secrets."

Between the seemingly endless British economic and political "emergencies," the problems for a correspondent are not the hours or the lack of sources but finding themes with which the American reader can identify, according to New York *Times* Correspondent Richard Eder. "Being a correspondent in England," says Eder, "is like being a correspondent in Nevada. You write about life, and presumably New York, having paid a hefty bill to keep you here, occasionally will be interested. Hereabouts one is treated fairly politely (rather like a lecturer on Hindu sleep techniques at a ladies' club in Lima, Ohio), but nothing to make one's head swell to the dimensions of certain remote predecessors', vintage World War II and immediate postwar. In small towns people tend to explain that in England tea is drunk, that we're sure you don't like our coffee and that their cousin once visited America. American correspondents tend to divide into two categories: those who say England will always be England despite cars, TV, etc., and those who say cars and TV, etc., have dispelled all the old legends about England." Of course, for stories there will always be a Northern Ireland.

To Jordan Bonfante, *Time's* bureau chief in Rome, there is no question as to which country wins the gold medal. "If it is not the traffic, it is the driving ban, and it is difficult to say which is worse. If it is not the cholera, it is the primordial Italian postage system, and there is no question but that the postal system is worse. Some newsmen post their mail from Vatican territory. There is the problem of circumspection among official sources, often so severe that it can turn the checking of a simple statistic into an affair of state. Then there is the Borgian intricacy of most Italian political stories—bewildering ara-

besques from which only a Euclid could extract a cogent lead—and the uncanny way in which most Italian stories, from fishing to broadcasting, turn into political stories.

"What is even more frustrating is that in Italy foreign newsmen have to do without that reliable backstop of correspondents everywhere: rewriting the native newspapers. That does not work here because the newspapers are infamously unreliable, competitively engaged as they are in a kind of can-you-top-this of inaccuracies and invention. Not long ago, northern dailies ran a story about a raid on a glorious whorehouse exclusively reserved for priests, complete with the name and dimensions of the madam, the *pax vobiscum* password, and gratifying quotes from several priestly clients, fully attributed. It was a story if we'd ever seen one, and every correspondent in town jumped at it. But on checking, they saw it evaporate into a perfectly ordinary raid on a perfectly ordinary whorehouse where a single hapless priest had been caught with his skirt up. Then there was the fully detailed magazine article about Pope Paul's rave review of the film of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, with plenty of color about the raucous screening next to his private study and extensive quotes about his purported verdict ('a religious ball!'). Not a word of truth in it, of course. Italians themselves teach every new correspondent a simple axiom: If you want to know what is going on in Italy, never ask an Italian."

For Don Cook of the *Los Angeles Times*, both the story and the atmosphere in Europe have changed dramatically since he first arrived in 1945. "There really isn't as much pure fun about the job today," says Cook, "as there was in the '50s or even '60s. And this is not just old nostalgia burning down. It's not just the slow dwindling away of old friends, but more the fact that so few new friends take

their places. There just aren't that many foreign correspondents around. TV and radio types rarely show up at most of the stories I am covering these days, and the stories themselves lack built-in personality, drama, good quotes, color, a sense of life, let alone a sense of history. They are not only harder to cover, but a lot harder to put a hook onto to catch the readers, even when they are genuinely important to us all. These days, barely one in four stories I write has an immediate 'today' spot news lead or angle. I find no problem getting space in the paper, but a story has to have focus and the problem these days lies in finding the moment and the peg to bring the story into focus."

For network correspondents, the problem of bringing Europe 1973 into focus was even more painful. As Peter Kalischer of CBS News put it: "Viewing 1973 through a glass darkly (the recommended setting for television reporting), there was a certain sameness of image whatever the dateline: Henry Kissinger arriving, departing and smiling at airports; heads of state and foreign ministers with Arab emissaries; inflation-struck housewives marketing with francs, schilling, Deutsche Mark, kroner; frowning finance ministers conferring around tables that seemed to transport themselves from city to city; French Foreign Minister Michel Jobert saying 'no' in Brussels, Paris, Copenhagen; cars on highways and highways without cars; gas stations with and without gas. Only the commentaries could offer a clue as to where the action/inaction took place, shade the difference in the price of petrol and forecast the extent of industrial paralysis that might never come. Indeed, the lights did not go out, but they flickered."

It was not a Communist year either. The correspondent who moves east, into the Communist world, finds the



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same old problems combined with a range of new ones. Dennis Fodor of the *Reader's Digest*, a veteran of European reporting since 1950, reports: "It was never easy in Eastern Europe, but back during the cold war things at least were simple: either you got a visa or you didn't—and mostly you didn't. The fellow with the accent would talk to you or he wouldn't—and mostly he wouldn't. Your editors realized this was the case and made necessary allowances. But now, with the era of détente, it's no longer difficult to get the visa, and you'll find someone willing to talk, but the end result is essentially the same—few stories. Editors seem to believe that détente has made all sorts of things possible and wonder why these guys in the field don't get their thumb out. But the Eastern Front remains a place where stories come hard. The correspondent has to thread through an environment of manipulation to get anything, and he usually ends up with a story that says NICHTS NEUES IM OSTEN (No News in the East)—and this is the way they like it in Eastern Europe. These and other frustrations used to be compensated by the extraordinary status that came with a foreign assignment. As late as 1950, I lived in one of the larger Frankfurt hotels that had been taken

over as a press center. Foreign press clubs operated in more than a dozen European cities, with their own dining rooms, bars, wire services and other facilities. In West Berlin the American Press Club had a tennis court, and the British club offered a swimming pool—all of that is gone."

It is true that there are fewer American foreign correspondents around these days. The statistics are hard to come by, but virtually every American publication has cut down its European coverage to some degree. The accent in the 1970s has shifted away from Asia and Europe, to America. This should not surprise us, given the spectacular nature of the American story in 1973. The overseas story, no matter how fascinating, could hardly compete with Watergate and related developments—a fact brought home by the *Paris Herald Tribune* every morning. In all probability this trend will continue at least through the mid-'70s, because people everywhere are more interested in reading about their own problems. In recognition of this, both *Time* and *Newsweek* now produce special material for readers overseas. *Time* adds a special regional section on Europe to the regular U.S. magazine each week. This section is produced by an editorial staff in Paris, drawing on the

reporting of correspondents in Europe and the U.S. *Newsweek* produces from New York a global international edition that drops some stories from the U.S. magazine and substitutes new material from elsewhere around the world.

The European story today suffers from the lack of a great personality, a De Gaulle or a Churchill, someone who dominates the news to a degree that he cannot be overlooked, no matter what his political views or power base. There are no such leaders in Europe, and none on the horizon.

But this is not to say that European news is either dull or uninteresting. On the contrary, with all of its frustrations and complexity, Europe is now a far more compelling story than it has been for the past decade. It is simply that we are facing stiffer competition than ever before, most of it from the U.S. In 1973, for example, Don Cook's stories on Europe were fronted in the *Los Angeles Times* 51 times—more than those of any other foreign correspondent. Bill Coughlin of Beirut was in second place with 32 front-page stories. This indicates that editors are still intrigued by European developments, once put in proper perspective and focus.

The dwindling number of American foreign correspondents can be attrib-

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uted more to the dwindling interest in the "sidebar" story and the growing sophistication of the reader than to an overall lack of concern with European affairs. Once upon a time we could get away with stories on the "Oktoberfest" and how Bavarians love their beer or the endless mysteries (or myth) of French cuisine. The jet age has changed all that. A great number of our readers have been here and suffered through it themselves. They no longer need to live Europe vicariously.

One element of European life that has seen little change is the general philosophy of European journalists toward their job. With the glaring exception of Britain, there is precious little investigative reporting in Europe. The "lecture-essay" is still in vogue, wherein a journalist takes a peg, no matter how fragile, and uses it to demonstrate his education and erudition. Europe is polysaturated with pundits.

And those journalists who write "hard news" stories tend to rely exclusively on narrow channels of information. Many depend only on government sources, others only on nongovernment sources. The result of this spoonfeeding is a baffling array of dope stories that amount to nothing more than wishful thinking.

Faced with a development of great

political importance, European journalists seem to prefer to run for cover, rather than risk losing their sources. The illness of French President Georges Pompidou, for example, was common knowledge by May 1973, but no respectable French journalist would touch the story until months later. Instead, they urged their foreign colleagues to write about it so that they could use the story with attribution to a foreign paper.

The Great (Non) Oil Shortage Story was an excellent example of how European governments orchestrate the press, both local and foreign. Beginning with the Dutch, one government after another announced carless Sundays, rationing, strict speed limits and other gasoline-saving measures. Government spokesmen solemnly declared states of emergency, and newspapers and television programs all over the world dutifully carried pictures and stories of horses and buggies, the empty streets of Amsterdam, the empty autobahns of Germany, the carless Grand Place in downtown Brussels.

Was it all that bad? Yes, the governments insisted, it was. Was the Arab boycott in full force? Yes, it was, we were assured. Then, it became obvious that the crisis was far less than met the eye. Not only was oil flowing through-

out Europe, but it was flowing in record amounts. For purely diplomatic reasons, the governments of Europe had decided to play the game of the oil producers, loudly crying "uncle." And most of us—unknowingly—played the game with them.

The moral is clear. In Europe, where governments remain excessively secretive and suspicious of the press, using it whenever possible as a public-relations tool, we also have to remain secretive—about our sources—and maintain a healthy skepticism about the information and "leaks" doled out by official spokesmen. We cannot cover Europe by reading the newspapers or watching television. It now takes more time, more travel, more interviews and more dreary, slogging research to bring any story, from economics to energy, into proper focus. The result is not always front-page news—often, in fact, it is not even a story—but it is the only way to cover Europe these days. And foreign correspondents seem to be the only journalists who cover Europe that way. Our European counterparts tend to cover the foreign beats with a narrow, national bias. It was an American statesman who defined 1973 as "Europe's year" and American foreign correspondents who mainly deflated that definition.

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VIETNAM

On the Shelf in Saigon

by GAVIN SCOTT

When the October war erupted in the Middle East, executives of NBC in New York City reached for the telex and queried their Saigon bureau demanding an airlift of 20 flak jackets and 20 helmets. No matter that a readier source of supply was right in the U.S. It was a sign of the times: Tel Aviv was in, Saigon was out.

That message has come through loud and clear to the diminishing band of about 30 U.S. correspondents and cameramen still posted in Viet Nam. The networks have sharply curtailed their staffs. Largely through attrition, the wire services, newspaper bureaus and newsmagazines have also cut back. Familiar visitors, such as the avuncular Robert Shaplen of *The New Yorker*, the effervescent Henry Kamm of the *New York Times* and the redoubtable Horst Faas of A.P., do not come to call as often as they once did. As Faas recently observed: "It's far from being a

non-story. But nobody's going in now because it's not an American story."

From a correspondent's point of view, that is both good news and bad news. By common assent, Saigon has vastly improved as a place to live, reverting in style and tempo to something like it was in the 1950s, long before the Pentagon discovered the place. The focus of the news has turned Indochina into just another foreign story—important, but no longer embellished with that special sheen, as it were, that came with American involvement. The daily fare inevitably tends to be more sedate than it once was, involving economic troubles, political hassles like the Paracel Islands dispute: stories that derive from the residue of war.

The bad news is that the war is still going on and foreign correspondents are not getting to see very much of it. Casualties on both sides are running

at one-fourth the rate of the 1972 offensive by the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong, and close to 60,000 people have died on both sides since "the cease-fire." Yet incidents are generally isolated and correspondents encounter them only by luck. When a main-force operation is under way, ARVN keeps all foreigners well clear. The days are over of donning combat boots and fatigues, slinging Nikons over the shoulder and "going up the road." All too often battlefield reporting comes out just as Saigon wants it to. Correspondents are loath to communicate the sentiment to their home offices, but the fact is that the state of mind of many newsmen borders on ennui.

Nowhere is the change in Saigon's mood more obvious than at that most obvious social junction, "The Continental Shelf" terrace on Tu Do. In the dwindling days of American involvement, G.I.s, drifters and journalists huddled low over their drinks while above the din of passing traffic the armed forces radio blared vaguely heard bulletins about the latest travails of Henry Kissinger and Le Duc Tho. Today at high noon, the Shelf is all but deserted, except for the Muzak, courtesy of a gooey American FM outlet. Cuong, the newsboy who still keeps photos of oldtime journalists in his wallet, indolently leans against the wall with his stack of *Stars and Stripes* bartered from the PX. A pile of weatherbeaten paperbacks (inevitably including Graham Greene's *The Quiet American*) stands at his side unsold. On some days it is possible to sit down to address yourself to a *citron pressé* and be the only customer in the place.

Across the street, the police informer,

Waiter Tran Ngoc Hai is still there, but no one else is



Richard L. Stack

When he is not sitting on terraces, Gavin Scott can be found covering stories in Latin America, Europe, the Middle East or Southeast Asia. He is currently Saigon bureau chief of Time.

with his stand of sunglasses and key chains, lounges imperturbably in front of Givral's, where "the Radio Catinat," the friendly group of political gossips, still meets regularly each morning for coffee. "There are a few new additions to the beggar scene but the heavies are still in place," observes NBC's Laura Palmer. "The one carrying a blind girl is going to have to get a new child or trade. The girl must be at least five and is getting awfully heavy to carry around."

The ghost of David Halberstam may still stalk the Caravelle bar. If so, he drinks alone. Le Castel, which U.P.I. Bureau Chief Art Higbee swears served the best dry martini in Southeast Asia, recently closed down for want of customers. Perhaps the saddest scene of all is the Royale, once the hangout of the separate but equal A.P. and Fleet Street crowds. The Corsican patron, M. Otavi, who could regale friends with stories about taking a streetcar through rice fields between Saigon and Cholon, died early this year. Not even the raised voices of the bibulous Brits, gloomy at the best of times, can inspire gaiety.

Now that a rock band called the

CBC has disbanded at the Sherwood Forest nightclub, the ARVN Command Spokesman Colonel Le Trung Hien puts on the best show in town. The "Five O'Clock Follies" gave way to the "Four-Thirty Follies." Today the command's daily bulletin, studded with statistics that often seem overimpressive in details, is rendered at 3 p.m. The briefing still attracts the regulars from the wire services reaching for daily superlatives ("Fighting in Viet Nam soared to its highest point in three weeks today"). But unless a specific operation is under way, attendance is slight and interest slimmer. On some occasions the staunch Colonel Hien simply presides over distribution of the daily handout and—there being no questions—retires to his redoubt at Psywar. Correspondents were much gratified when air conditioning was installed at the Saigon government's press center. Because of the fuel shortage, however, it was patriotically shut off.

The other predictable ritual in a Saigon correspondent's life these days is the weekly bus ride to Camp Davis, a compound at Tan Son Nhut airbase, where the Viet Cong delegation to the joint military delegation is kept closely

in check. The Saturday morning sessions seldom prove to be informative, serving as they do as opportunities for earnest denunciations of the "imperialists and their Saigon stooges." But during the breaks in the routine, correspondents can sidle up to V.C. officers and lay plans for trips to Communist-held territory. Perhaps a dozen in all have made the trek. Saigon frowns on such expeditions but now has a policy of permitting them if it is forewarned. Luck is not always on the correspondent's side. Some of the promised rendezvous do not take place. Sometimes the Saigon government reacts in anger. Emerging from a visit to P.R.G.-held territory, James Markham of the *New York Times* recently had all his notes and film confiscated by Saigon authorities.

MACV became the DAO (Defense Attaché Office). Mail from abroad switched from APO to FPO. But PAE lives on. Catering for several thousand American contractors who repair helicopters and keep government computers in trim, Pacific Architects and Engineers man a surviving commissary at New Port, where it is still possible for correspondents to buy such things

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as Kitty Litter and matzo balls flown in from the States. Entire corridors of "Pentagon East," the fortresslike DAO, are deserted. Yet even if the offices were the beehives that they once were, they would hardly serve the interests of correspondents. Under an edict issued by U.S. Ambassador Graham A. Martin, the corps of military attachés is forbidden to assume the role of "interpreting" the course of the war for American correspondents.

Indeed, U.S. information policy has tightened markedly under the rule of Martin, 61, a genial North Carolinian and career officer who used to be a newspaperman himself. When Martin arrived last August to succeed Ellsworth Bunker, he was angered by leaks from American sources because he believed they undermined the confidence of President Nguyen Van Thieu in the ongoing American presence. All contacts between newsmen and American officials are now monitored by Martin's Special Assistant John Hogan, who finds himself fielding up to 40 phone calls a day. What ambassador wanted he got. If American correspondents come up with stories that reflect less than handsomely on the Thieu government, they assuredly do not emit from the U.S. embassy.

The Missing 21: A Hope and a Need

by PETER ARNETT

A Cambodian rubber-plantation supervisor came out of jungle captivity and said that in June 1972 he spent 15 days in a prison camp near Kratie, in eastern Cambodia, with ten Caucasians. His guards told him they were foreign journalists.

A just released South Vietnamese paratrooper prisoner tells of seeing six Caucasians with shoulder-length hair and long beards marching under armed guard near Mimot, eastern Cambodia, in mid-1972. His captors referred to them as "imperialist journalists."

In July 1973 and again in October 1973 specific word filtered through to U.S. news organizations about several of the 21 war correspondents and photographers missing in Cambodia since 1970. These reports indicated that it is likely that some of the missing journalists, all noncombatant civilians, are kept on the move by their Khmer Insurgent captors between prison compounds not far from the border of Cambodia and South Viet Nam. Their

exact identities are not known, nor is the state of their health.

Heartened by these and other reports, CBS Newsmen Walter Cronkite wrote to Henry Kissinger last November in an appeal for help: "In contrast to the hopelessness and despondency which at one time I believe gripped us all regarding the fate of our colleagues, we are now convinced that the evidence is substantial that they survived their capture and were in comparatively recent days being held in a fairly well-defined area of Cambodia. With this knowledge, we are enlisting your good offices in an all-out, unsparing attempt to achieve their freedom."

The appeal to Kissinger was the latest in a three-year effort by the organization that Cronkite heads, the United States Committee to Free Journalists Held in Southeast Asia. The committee was formed by colleagues of the missing men in spontaneous reaction to the brutal events of 1970 in Cambodia that saw three newsmen

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killed and 17 reported missing. More newsmen died in the following years, and more were captured; the most recent incidents occurred in the fall of 1973. By February of this year, 21 newsmen were missing in Cambodia: five Americans, three Frenchmen, nine Japanese and one each from Australia, Austria, Germany and Switzerland.

Much of the early information on the missing men was compiled by Zalin B. Grant, a journalist and close friend of some of the missing. First for *Time* and later for the committee, Grant made special trips to Southeast Asia to talk with refugees and released prisoners of war and to examine intelligence reports.

Working through U.S. news organizations in Southeast Asia and local sources, Grant, who is fluent in Vietnamese, was able to assemble mounting documentation that shows there is reason to believe that at least some of the newsmen survived capture and were being held in the eastern part of Cambodia.

In addition to seeking battlefield clues to the mystery of the missing, the committee has also used the diplomatic route. Unfortunately, this approach has so far produced disappointing results. The Peking government has politely received representations

from the U.S. Government and from journalists but has said that it has no information on the prisoners' whereabouts or welfare. Similarly, the North Vietnamese have been approached many times; they reply that it is for the Cambodian guerrillas to solve the problem of the missing newsmen. Making contact with former Cambodian Ruler Prince Sihanouk has proved somewhat more helpful. Interviewed in exile in Peking, he said that journalists' rights will be respected in the provinces where his forces dominate, and several newsmen have been freed because of the Prince's activities.

Experienced diplomats, however, doubt that any official word of the missing will be forthcoming until the Cambodian guerrillas gain the kind of political recognition accorded to the Viet Cong in South Viet Nam and the Pathet Lao in Laos. Information reaching the committee indicates that the journalists are being held by the guerrilla forces as bargaining counters during possible eventual negotiations to end the fighting between the guerrillas and the Lon Nol government.

With more solid evidence now surfacing, the committee decided last January to embark upon a bolder course. Among the new efforts is the formation of a subcommittee of journalists

currently covering Southeast Asia to follow up aggressively on any new information. In addition, the committee decided to appoint an international team of well-known journalists to visit Cambodia later in 1974. A new pamphlet with pictures of all the missing men, containing full details of committee findings, will be published and made available to all who can use it.

Although committee members and news organizations donate their time and services freely, considerable cash is needed to dispatch these special investigators to Asia and follow up on leads from elsewhere. In 1971 a total of \$13,000 was contributed by various news organizations. A year ago, the Overseas Press Club gave \$3,000 to the committee at its annual dinner, dedicating the 1973 *Dateline* to the missing correspondents. The committee's available funds are now down to about \$2,500, and Chairman Cronkite will shortly launch a new fund-raising drive. It is hoped that this renewed effort will result in the release of our colleagues this year.

For eight years the name Peter Arnett was synonymous with Viet Nam. He is now an A.P. Special Correspondent based in New York and the Secretary of the United States Committee to Free Journalists Held in Southeast Asia.

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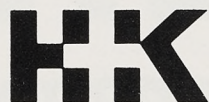
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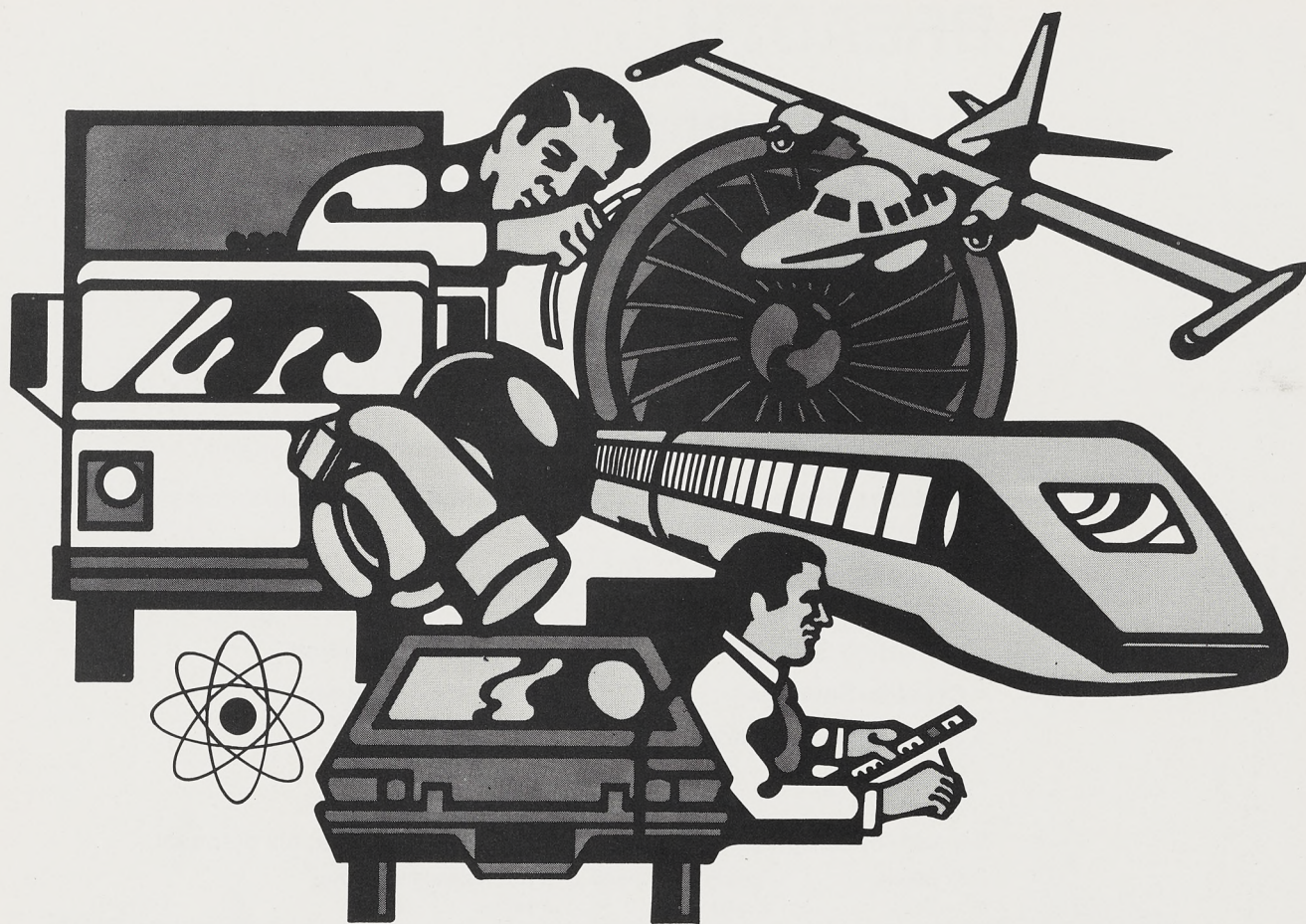


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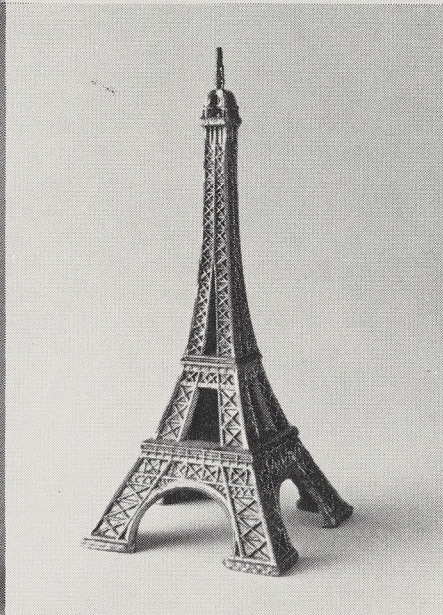
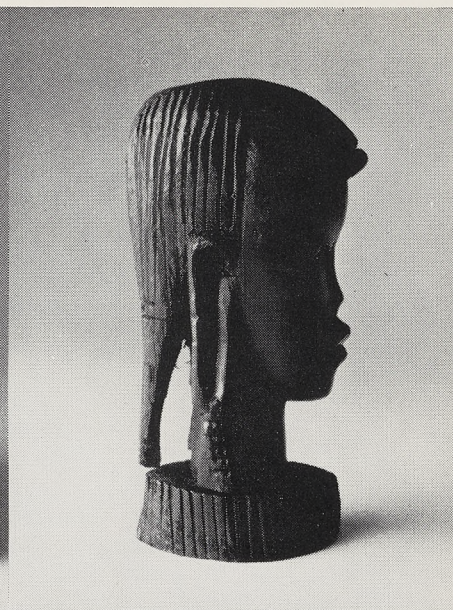
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WASHINGTON

The Game of Leaks

by JOHN STACKS

In Sam Ervin's Senate committee hearing room, in Judge John Sirica's federal court room, the reporters came to listen and to believe. In the White House press room, they could never quite believe. The press room had become a kind of pit, albeit nicely decorated with gentle shades of beige and a selection of Currier and Ives prints, in which the Administration and the reporters fought each day.

Richard Nixon's spokesmen had never been loved nor particularly respected. Now, in the first months of 1974, the contempt between spokesmen and newsmen was open and mutual. The questions were rarely even polite. The urge to answer squarely and honestly, never a compulsion for Nixon spokesmen, was gone altogether. Like a scene in a Pinter play, the two sides seemed doomed to a daily struggle, each talking past the other in an absurd perversion of what their real roles should have been.

This day, back into the pit stepped Press Secretary Ron Ziegler, after months of no doubt welcome exile spent in less visible quarters (at the President's left hand). A year earlier, Richard Nixon had basked in popularity. Now he had fallen precipitously; less than a third of the nation approved of his performance in office.

What, Ziegler was asked disingenuously, did he think had caused this sharp decline.

"I am not surprised by the poll figures," he replied. "If you look at the many charges that have been leveled against the President, there would

have to be, as there has been, an effect upon the polls and on public opinion. A lot of that has been the result of the constant, constant, constant, constant charge, charge, charge against the President."

Ziegler, like other Nixon assistants and like the President himself, seemed programmed to take the bait, to announce that it was the press, not the events themselves, that had produced all the trouble. "Pray for the press," said Pat Nixon, echoing her husband's theme. Ten years ago, Nixon's defeat in the California Governor's race was the fault of the press. Now Nixon attributed the wonderfully long life of Alice Roosevelt Longworth to her abstention from reading the *Washington Post*. To the President and his men, the failures are outside themselves and lie most often in the way they are treated in the newspapers and on television.

A comment like Ziegler's is always perversely welcomed by newsmen. It is such an easy target. It is an invitation for the press to make its own denunciations. To wit:

How foolish of Ziegler to blame the press. After all, two former Cabinet officers had been indicted, the President's former appointments secretary was going on trial for lying to the Watergate grand jury, one of the two men closest to the President faced trial in Washington for his role in the burglary of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office, the handful of men who literally ran the White House faced indictment for offenses ranging from obstruction of justice to perjury, the President's first choice as the FBI's new director had been driven from office in disgrace, and Ziegler himself had been forced to utter what will doubtless be his epitaph when he wished away months of deceit with the declaration that all previous White House statements were "inoperative."

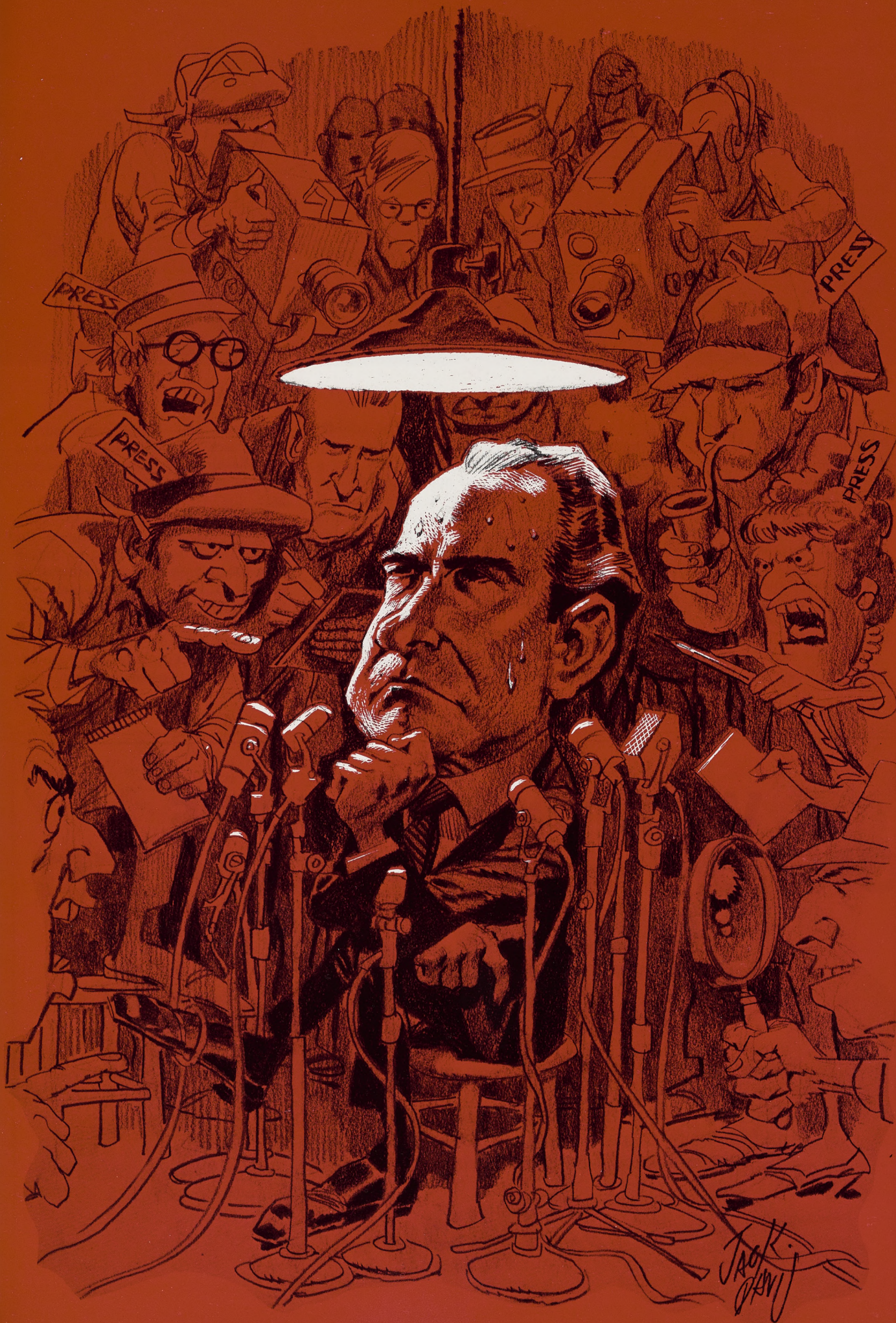
What pernicious nonsense, the press says, to blame the messengers for the

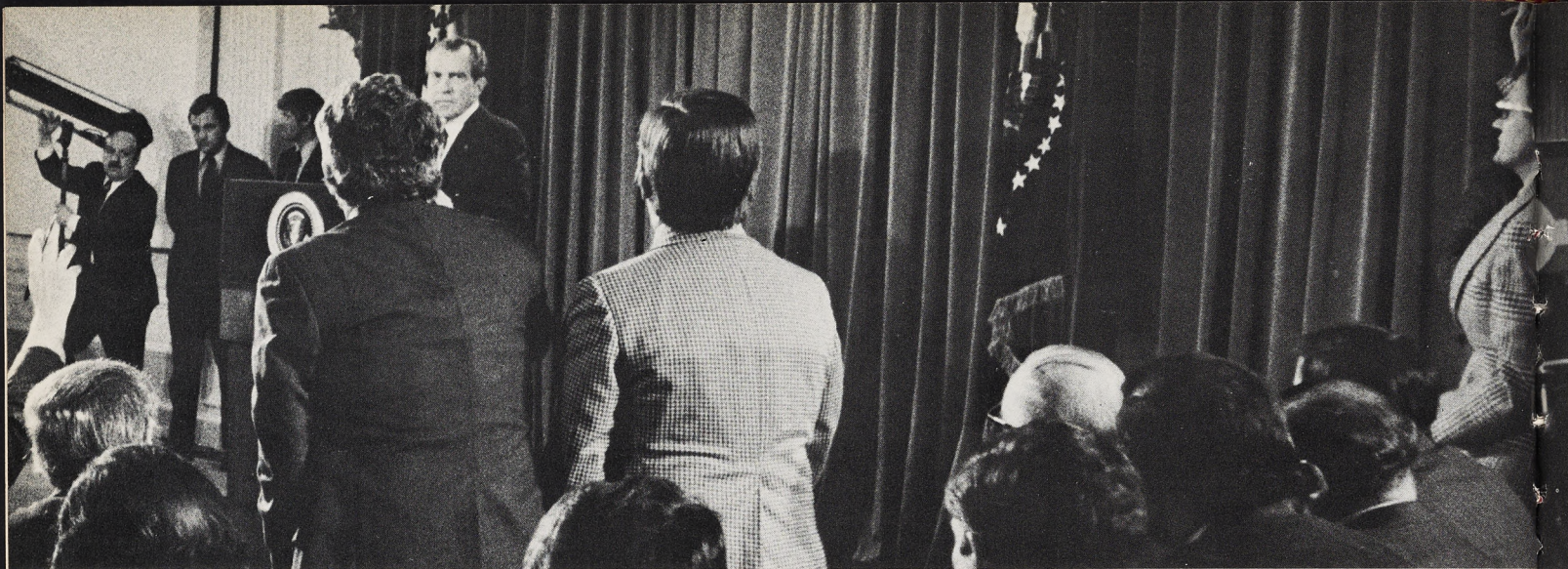
bad news. All this is, of course, correct. The press did not invent Watergate out of whole cloth. *Things* occurred, they were discovered and printed and broadcast. But on the other hand, the Ziegler view has a good measure of truth in it. To no small extent, it was the press's doing that the President lost his hold on the country. Beyond the obvious fact that had no one known what happened, then nothing would have changed, it must be conceded to Ziegler that the press made as much of the Watergate story as it could. Watergate and the associated events became Washington's biggest political story ever. For an uncomfortably long time in 1972, it was a story pursued by only a few of Washington's 2,000 reporters. But as 1973 began and James McCord began to sing, the Washington press attacked the Watergate story with a vengeance. And of course it owes no apologies for doing so.

It is protocol for the press to deny an adversary relationship with the President. The press's proper role is that of objective observer: we simply report the news. This is a silly view to take in the case of Richard Nixon. Long before Watergate, Nixon himself chose his relationship with the press. It was never warm; it became cold and hostile. The views of the Nixon government and of the press establishment were diametrically opposed. The Nixon government preferred secrecy and not only disliked criticism but (as in the case of television's "instant analysis") thought it was improper. The Administration's leading political weapon, Spiro T. Agnew, campaigned against the press more than he did against the Democrats.

Ziegler was right: the press was an adversary. But while few newsmen liked Nixon himself, respect for the office of President remained an effective counterweight. The respect for that office was such that Nixon was

What should reporters do with information that is leaked to them? The easy answer is: print it. But there are questions of ethics, fairness and the national welfare involved. Here John Stacks, news editor of Time's Washington bureau and coordinator of its Watergate coverage, comments on the dilemma.





treated more than fairly throughout his first term. In the election campaign—so-called—of 1972, he was again handled with considerable charity. The Nixon policies of closed doors, of assault on the press—these made the Administration and the press adversaries. And it is no small irony that the Administration's passion for secrecy and its rage at leaks of its private policies led to the initiation of the very spying policies that would be its undoing two years later.

Watergate confirmed the notion that most journalists are really romantics

masquerading as cynics. The scandal broke full in the face of a Washington press corps that prided itself on a tough, hard-nosed appreciation of the "realities" of politics. It thought it knew how deals are made, candidates financed, bills written, influence peddled and decisions made. Beneath that veneer, however, there was still an abiding trust of most politicians. Even within the newsroom of the Washington *Post*, veteran reporters, men with excellent political judgment and enormous professional experience, thought that their own paper's pursuit of

Watergate was being overdone. In most cases, the cultivated cynicism of the Washington press corps had not been equal to the challenge of Watergate.

Once the dimensions of the story were known, once the ability of the White House to deny and to intimidate the press was reduced, the story became a sort of crusade. In 1973 there was a rush to do "investigative" reporting. The investigative reporter became a kind of cult object. Each organization set out to scoop the other in a zeal for exclusivity rarely seen

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in the rather sedate circles of Washington journalism.

Some of the investigative reporters, like the *Post's* Robert Woodward and Carl Bernstein, were incredibly persistent, energetic, imaginative, resourceful and determined. Unlike the betted-paid, better-known senior members of their profession, the investigators were not wed to the stars of politics. It is more usual in Washington for reporters to rise just as their favorite subjects rise; with Watergate, success came to those with the ability to find and persuade obscure law-

enforcement authorities, middle-level Government employees and unknown lawyers to talk about forbidden subjects. While it can be fairly said that the investigative reporters did not so much investigate as they did pursue the investigators, it was still something different for Washington. The vital bits of information were not passed at Georgetown dinner parties; they came from late-night phone conversations. Exclusives came not from Sans Souci luncheons, but over coffee after work. The success of the Watergate investigators in ferreting out hard

facts from reluctant sources was a tonic to Washington journalism.

After the Senate committee took up its task, the few became many in pursuit of the story. But the kind of reporting changed. It was less a matter of badgering prosecutors and federal agents than a fiercely competitive struggle to be there when the leaks were passed out. During much of 1973, the role of the press in Washington was really what it had always been: to be available for the kinds of leaked information that political opponents use as weapons. Once it be-

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came apparent that the cover-up had failed, members of the inner circle set about trying to save their own necks.

None set about that task more urgently or systematically than John W. Dean III. In April 1973, Dean went voluntarily to the federal prosecutors to begin telling his story, becoming the highest Administration official to offer to break his silence. He was determined to trade his excellent vantage point on the Watergate story for immunity from prosecution; thus he and his attorneys launched a bold effort, using the press, to convince the prosecutors of the worth of Dean's withheld testimony. But the prosecutors took the position that to give Dean immunity in the cover-up case would be tantamount to freeing the man who carried the gun in a bank robbery.

To counter this position, Dean and his attorneys carefully began to play out hints about how much Dean knew of the President's role. Each hint made Dean a hotter journalistic property. It was a most precarious game, since to say too much would obviate the need for immunity; to say too little would diminish Dean's value to the press. For six weeks, Dean was

the object of incredible attention. He left his home in suburban Virginia and took up secret residence in downtown Washington. His attorneys held out a peek at John and Maureen Dean as the reward for respectful treatment of Dean's request for immunity. News organizations were played one against the other for every possible advantage. At one point, *Newsweek* got an interview and a photo session with Dean, but Dean's attorneys hedged their bets by taking their own exclusive pictures for use by *Time*. Later, one of Dean's attorney's offered an interview with Dean in return for a promise of editorial support for Dean's immunity plea. The offer was wisely turned down.

Dean and his attorneys were doing nothing that a professional bureaucrat or politician would not have done to win a policy battle. Their efforts were plainly self-serving, but friends of the President were busy at the same game. Dean's foes charged that he had misused campaign funds for his own honeymoon. Dean's opponents said that he feared sexual abuse in prison, thus purporting to explain his willingness to say anything about the President's role in Watergate if he could just escape jail. There was

little in this period of Watergate coverage that could be called "investigative" reporting. The newsmen who were attempting to get and record Dean's story in the face of incredible competitive pressures must be credited, however, with rather remarkable professional care.

The press managed to walk the fine line of accuracy. In a study for the *Los Angeles Times* published last September, the respected political scientist Edward Jay Epstein concluded: "On the question of accuracy, the press acquitted itself remarkably well. In the 15 months since the Watergate break-in, literally hundreds of charges and assertions were made in the press, and all but a handful have been substantiated in the hearings of the Senate select committee. This high degree of accuracy is particularly impressive because many of the allegations were made in the heat of a bitterly contested presidential election and persistent denials by the Nixon Administration."

During the Watergate hearings the Senate staff and the Senators functioned as they always do in Washington. The selective leak is used to whet the public appetite before the real event. Leaks were also used for

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political purposes within the committee and as a way of rebutting some witnesses' public testimony. Each member of the select committee had his own feeling about the degree of the President's responsibility, and those who felt most strongly leaked most often in an attempt to force out more of the truth behind Watergate.

Most of what was disclosed before witnesses actually made their public appearances had been gathered from staff interviews held in private sessions. Those earlier disclosures led to a wave of criticism from the witnesses and their lawyers. Often the complaints were justified. The leaks were occasionally out of context. But, again, there were only infrequent inaccuracies, and the criticism of the press was but nothing compared to the storm that was about to break.

In August came the disclosure that Vice President Spiro Agnew, the Administration's most vehement critic of the press, was under investigation for taking kickbacks dating to the years when he was a Maryland public official. Unlike the leaks in the second phase of the Watergate case, the information coming to the press about Agnew's precarious legal situ-

ation in the Baltimore County investigation was not programmed to serve anyone in particular (although there is no question that the information proved damaging to Agnew). The first word came to reporters not from the prosecutors or the attorneys but from political sources in Maryland. The Government investigators had cast a wide net among that state's political establishment; and it soon became known, from the kinds of questions that the prosecutors were asking witnesses, that Agnew was under suspicion. That tip set off a round of investigative reporting similar to the sort that was responsible for the 1972 disclosures about Watergate.

Reporters were again forced into the kind of persistent badgering, bluffing and cross-checking that had marked the early days of the Watergate reporting. By late summer 1973, Washington had become a city so obsessed by Watergate that no event could be considered by itself. Thus the initial suspicion that the Agnew case might be a diversion, an exaggerated if not concocted effort to distract attention from the President's own troubles. According to this theory of conspiracy, Nixon hoped to avoid impeachment by tarnishing his suc-

cessor. Indeed, some of the early leaks on the case came from Government investigators trying to dispel the theory that it was a conspiracy by Nixon to get Agnew.

The critical disclosure came in September when *Time*, quoting unnamed Justice Department sources, said that an indictment of Agnew was considered "inevitable." Agnew immediately responded by attacking both the press and the Justice Department for prejudicial handling of his case. The American Civil Liberties Union added its voice on Agnew's behalf, and the *Washington Post*, although it had carried stories describing Agnew's case, agreed that there was an important threat to his civil liberties because of the pretrial publicity.

In retrospect, the problem of Agnew's liberties seems worse in abstraction than in fact. As Vice President, Agnew was a very special suspect. He had, for example, been personally advised in early August by Attorney General Elliot Richardson that he was a target of the federal investigation. Although the analogy is not precise, this was a bit like advising a suspect in a larceny case that his bank records are going to be examined. Agnew was no ordinary felon. He

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David Hume Kennerly

Agnew in limousine after resignation

promptly attacked Henry Petersen, who was handling the case in the Justice Department, and the President, in turn, re-balanced the scales by issuing a statement of support for Petersen.

Agnew and his attorneys were quick to recognize and use the full legal resources available to the Vice President. They began a game of bluff with the Justice Department by threatening, first, that the Vice President would never resign and, second, that the Vice President would, because of his high constitutional office, insist upon being impeached by the Congress before submitting to any criminal proceeding, including even the grand jury sitting in Baltimore. With all this power at his disposal, Agnew was on more than equal footing with the prosecutors. There was considerable fear in the Justice Department that he could cause a nasty sort of constitutional confrontation, simply by stonewalling the investigators and insisting upon impeachment before indictment. Although officials of the Justice Department were never eager to talk to reporters, what did become known about Agnew's problems tended to balance Agnew's use of his office as a defense against prosecution. Yet

the more that came to light of the case against him, the more difficult it was for him to forestall action.

Nonetheless, Agnew's defense was aggressive and, for a time, effective. He and his lawyers assailed the press for prejudicial pretrial publicity and then took the extraordinary step of trying to enjoin the grand jury from proceeding because of it. Such a plea is not uncommon in trials but was quite extraordinary in a grand jury proceeding. Defense lawyers across the country quickly noted that Huey Newton, Angela Davis and others would never have been indicted if publicity during a grand jury proceeding had been ruled prejudicial.

Agnew had spent years sharpening his spear against the press, and he was using his best weapon in this struggle. His lawyers managed to get a cooperative judge to sign broad subpoenas for newsmen as they sought to uncover the leaks within the Justice Department. Agnew's attorneys also began lobbying on Capitol Hill to try to get Congress to agree to an impeachment proceeding. It was clear that he had mounted a defense that was at least capable of delaying the prosecution effort. The major counterforce was public knowledge, acquired


through both investigative reporting and leaks, outlining just how severe the case against Agnew was. Rather than being an abridgment of Agnew's civil liberties, the news accounts served to keep the scales of justice in some sort of reasonable balance. And as with Watergate, the news about Agnew's case proved to be remarkably accurate. Agnew was not falsely accused. The press, in fact, even withheld aspects of the case from print.

Many observers of the Agnew case felt that his political defense was extremely strong. They wondered at his apparent loss of nerve and his decision eventually to plead *nolo contendere* to one count of tax evasion. Although trial by newspaper is by no means desirable, Agnew had more than enough access to the same media to defend himself. The fact that he settled the case without receiving a jail sentence seems ample testimony that Agnew did not suffer unjustly at the hands of an aggressive Washington press corps.

Watergate and the Agnew story made 1973 one of the most exhilarating years in the memory of Washington journalists. The competence with which these extraordinarily important stories were handled has left a residue of pride in the capital press corps. It has also left reporters here with a healthy new skepticism about the people and places they cover. The investigative reporter enjoys a new-found place on the Washington beat; and although there may never be another Watergate, it can be hoped that news organizations will see the wisdom of the investment in that style of reporting.

It must be said, too, that with the skepticism has come some sourness. In the White House briefing room, it verges on simple rudeness. While it will be healthy if Watergate leaves a legacy of added care in the reporting of official pronouncements, it will be unfortunate if it leaves no room for the ability to treat Government sources with some compassion and respect.

Many things have gone relatively uncovered due to the sheer size of the Watergate story. A whole variety of federal activities, from the new defense budget to the operations of the giant Health, Education and Welfare Department, have escaped the kind of ongoing attention that they need. While it will be beneficial to pay for and use investigative reporting, Washington journalism also needs to turn back to careful examination of the substance of policy and the effects those policies have on the country.



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Coming in from the Cold

by JAMES BELL

This business is full of pleasant little surprises. My surprise for 1973 was rediscovering that reporting is a respected and honorable calling in the U.S. I had forgotten that in 20 years of trench-coating abroad. It is easy to forget, for in a large part of the civilized world the reporter is still considered an unnecessary nuisance at best. In some places he is thought to be an easy mark for both the bribe and the shakedown. And in a number of countries he is known to be a spy who must be neutralized one way or another. No matter how proud the reporter is of his work, he is often forced to small deeds which offend his sense of integrity: getting the offending words "reporter" or "correspondent" removed from the passport, answering "business affairs" to the question on the visa application asking purpose of visit. Why the hell should a reporter be afraid to say what he is and what he is about? In my years overseas I was accused of just about everything:

At one time in 1952 I was banned from Jordan, Syria and Saudi Arabia and simultaneously denounced in Israel as an anti-Zionist propagandist because I was writing about Arab refugees. I had ignored the advice of a fine old Arab gentleman: "Write anything you want, but never mention people, politics or religion."

King Farouk's security men fol-

James Bell, who has served as a correspondent or bureau chief for Time in twelve different cities on four continents, has not reported a single word from Patagonia—yet.



lowed me. I did not mind until they grabbed all my pictures of fellaheen applauding from trees along the route of His Majesty's wedding procession. They said I was obviously trying to suggest that "Egyptians are monkeys." They also confiscated my crossword-puzzle book as a cryptographic device.

Mohammed Mossadegh's opponents circulated reports to the Iranian press that the old weeper had paid me \$165,000 to make him *Time's* Man of the Year. Good Lord! I even returned a kilo of caviar that the great nationalizer had once sent me.

A drunken Patrice Lumumba threatened to have his goons castrate me because I had the impertinence to ask him a question about his criminal record.

South African police arrested me for standing on a corner in a native location doing nothing whatsoever. They also questioned me at length about why *Time-Life* Books was trying to subvert the country with Communist propaganda in the form of its volume on Russia by the late Charley Thayer.

A puzzled British administrator once asked me why I "insisted" on addressing the late Tom Mboya as "Sir." And I became *persona non grata* with the last colonial governor of Tanganyika for reporting that he wore a plumed hat to a tribal affair.

Although armed with perfectly valid visas, I was chased (by machine-gun bursts) from the Greek-Bulgarian border and denied passage across the Soviet-Finnish frontier on the Karelian Isthmus.

I got splattered when a tipsy Nikolai Bulganin threw a glass past my ear at a reception in Moscow. At another such affair, the late Nikita Khrushchev waved his finger under my nose and accused me of being a "very bad man."

Having given an expensive sports car to a journalist friend of mine, a German automobile company's public relations department assumed it could buy me. The Herr Doktor could not understand when I declined his command to proceed to Stuttgart for orders.

I was belabored by the late President Sukarno of Indonesia as I sat with colleagues in a crowd of 80,000 hysterical Sukarno worshipers. Sukarno did not like the color that *Time's* cover artist gave to his face.

I was denounced in eight columns of end-of-the-world type and burned in effigy by supporters of former Philippines President Carlos Garcia after a piece about graft and corruption in Manila.

Scotland Yard once dressed me down for reporting that James Earl Ray, captured in London, had a record of convictions before murdering Martin Luther King. Prime Minister Harold Wilson was outraged when he felt that I had gone out of channels in trying to get an interview.

Charles de Gaulle's people always made it clear to me that I was not especially welcome around the Elysée Palace.

So, after 4½ years in Rome, where I was considered a mere nuisance rather than a threat, I came home and was assigned to the eleven states of the Confederacy.

The sun suddenly came out.

Incredibly, I was no longer a spy. No one seemed to feel that he could buy me or that I would automatically give him \$11,500 for information on the whereabouts of Martin Bormann. I could get governors, university presidents, chairmen of the board and country sheriffs to tell me things. I could not believe it, but I could leave a message and 15 minutes later Ross Perot would call back eager to help. One night I talked to twelve of Texas' most distinguished lawyers, none of whom had ever heard of me, about the intimate details of John Connally's firm. Residents of Morganton, N.C., were happy to tell me all about Senator Sam Ervin, including the wars.

One of my first assignments after returning was to go see George Wallace, a man to whom *Time* has hardly been overly kind. Well, if Governor Wallace had been a European, Asian, Middle Eastern or African statesman, I would not have been able to get within six blocks of his office. But George greeted me like a long-lost buddy and simply could not do enough for me. He even invited me to ride in his executive jet to Decatur where he had a Fourth of July "speakin' date" with Teddy Kennedy. George says I'm "a good ole boy," and anyway, *Time* has always spelled his name right.

I do miss the trench coat. Over there I had all those wonderful interviews with Pope Paul (who once told me exclusively, "Sit down") and Alexander Dubcek (who told me exclusively, "No. Goodbye. Thank you.") Now I spend most of my time reporting on God and the energy crisis and how Watergate has affected the kindergarten curriculum in Pearl River County, Miss. But don't get me wrong. It is a lot more pleasant than being in jail in Beirut.

Bell back home with friendly native—a visit with George Wallace

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So You Want to Be an Editor Back Home

by GREGORY H. WIERZYNSKI

Sometimes it is the frustration of waiting for the 4 a.m. flight from New Delhi. Sometimes it is the loneliness of the long-distance reporter. Sometimes it is the third martini. But sooner or later most correspondents overseas wonder what it would be like to have their own little newspaper back home. Here is what it is like, according to five home-town editors interviewed by Time correspondents and stringers:

ENQUIRER AND NEWS BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

In July 1971, Watson Sims, then 49, left his job of almost a quarter-century, sold his home in the suburbs of New York, and moved to Battle Creek, Michigan. It was no ordinary move. Sims had been covering stories round the world for much of his adult life,

Gregory Wierzynski was born in Poland, where his father was poet laureate, and grew up in Switzerland. A former Boston and Chicago bureau chief of Time, he hopes to draw an overseas assignment soon.

never spending more than four years in one place. Now he was leaving the Associated Press Building in Manhattan's Rockefeller Center and his job as A.P.'s deputy director of world services, to become managing editor of the Battle Creek *Enquirer and News*.

"After working for a large organization most of my life, I had the feeling it would be interesting to run my own newspaper," he says. "We all have to have something to call our own, some place to plant our feet. Also, I wanted more time to call my own, time to do the things I wanted to do the way I like to do them."

Of course, Sims suffered tugs of nostalgia for the days when he had been an editor in London and bureau chief in New Delhi before returning to New York to hold a succession of managerial jobs. He remembered interviews with statesmen and he recalled the joys of competition. There was the time he instructed his driver to take a short cut to the New Delhi cable office in an effort to beat his Reuters rival to the wires on a big story. Coming from behind the building, Sims's car collided with one driven by the Reuters man, who was ap-

proaching from the front. Sims's driver tied up the Reuters man in an argument about the collision while Sims ran into the cable office and dispatched his story.

But Sims also recalled the days of nagging loneliness, of poor communications, of cultural shock. "One learns to exist abroad successfully, telling how things look; but it's pretty hard to say, 'This is the way it is.'"



Watson Sims

In Battle Creek (population: 38,931), Sims finds none of these irritants. For one thing, he no longer feels isolated. "If I had come here before the jet plane, it might be another thing. Battle Creek is neither as isolated nor as parochial as one might think." He feels a deep involvement with the community. One detects a touch of boosterism in his voice as he drives a visitor through the gently rolling streets of his adopted city: "There are five hospitals—good hospitals, which is quite a few for a city this size . . . The military command headquarters are here in this building . . . This is Kellogg College . . . The main street is being converted into a mall."

Recently named editor of the *Enquirer and News*, Sims experiences a sense of personal achievement when the paper carries a big story. An investigation of a local preacher who was selling bonds to build a church revealed a case of fraud; the preacher was later jailed. A series on housing codes prompted the state legislature to come to the aid of decaying residential sections of the city. "For A.P. I had been writing for distant audiences, but here people know you. When working for a newspaper, you're guaranteed a platform. People know what you do. They don't always like it, but they know just the same."

"I haven't gained as much time as I had hoped, but it's still my goal. My pace here is different. I work longer hours but they're more flexible. I do have more time to feel free, like sitting over a leisurely lunch. Let's put it this way: I sleep better."

The Whitehall Times

As news editor and deputy bureau chief of *Time's* Washington Bureau, Ed Goodpaster had one of the more hectic but one of the more interesting jobs in town. He lived comfortably in suburban Bethesda, but he felt restless. Goodpaster found Washington's atmosphere of wealth and power at odds with his values. "I was unhappy about our suburban life," he says. "We got to thinking too much about money because our neighbors had so much." He grew to resent Washington's bustle and bluff. To recover his old sense of self, he and his wife decided to buy a small paper in the Midwest, where they had grown up.

After an 18-month search they chose the *Whitehall Times*, a weekly newspaper serving a town of 1,500 in western Wisconsin. "We were ripe for an adventure," Goodpaster recalls. He got one. Arriving in August 1972, Goodpaster had scarcely unpacked his suitcase before he found himself covering the annual town festival. Since then he has worked a succession of

12- to 14-hour days, often seven days a week. Working with a staff of two—a printer and a bookkeeper—he reports and writes 90% of the local news. He also takes most of the photographs, pastes up the layout, stuffs the inserts, types address cards, and on the side sells ads.

Despite the long hours, the life has been rewarding. Living only seven blocks from his plant, in good weather he bicycles to work. He has worn a tie only twice since he came to Whitehall. Although he's away from home more than he was in Washington, he finds family life is more satisfying. Son Andy, 17, has developed into a skilled photographer who vies with his father for space on the front page. Wife Louise sells ads in her spare time. Daughter Emily, 11, has a horse, fulfilling an early childhood dream.

To his surprise, Goodpaster has discovered that Whitehall's problems, scale aside, are as complex as those of much larger cities. But he does not try to simplify the issues, finding that his readers are sophisticated. "TV makes people aware," he says. "There are no more hick towns. There are only small towns, smaller collections of people."

Not a crusader by temperament, Goodpaster does not take up causes, preferring to use the pages of the paper to reconcile conflicts. An open letter to the president of a meat-packing plant, explaining in detail how the plant's effluents were overtaxing the town's sewage system, broke a long-standing stalemate with Whitehall's mayor; now the company and the town are jointly building a new sewage plant. An article sensitively reporting both sides bridged a rift between the board of education and teachers who were threatening to strike.

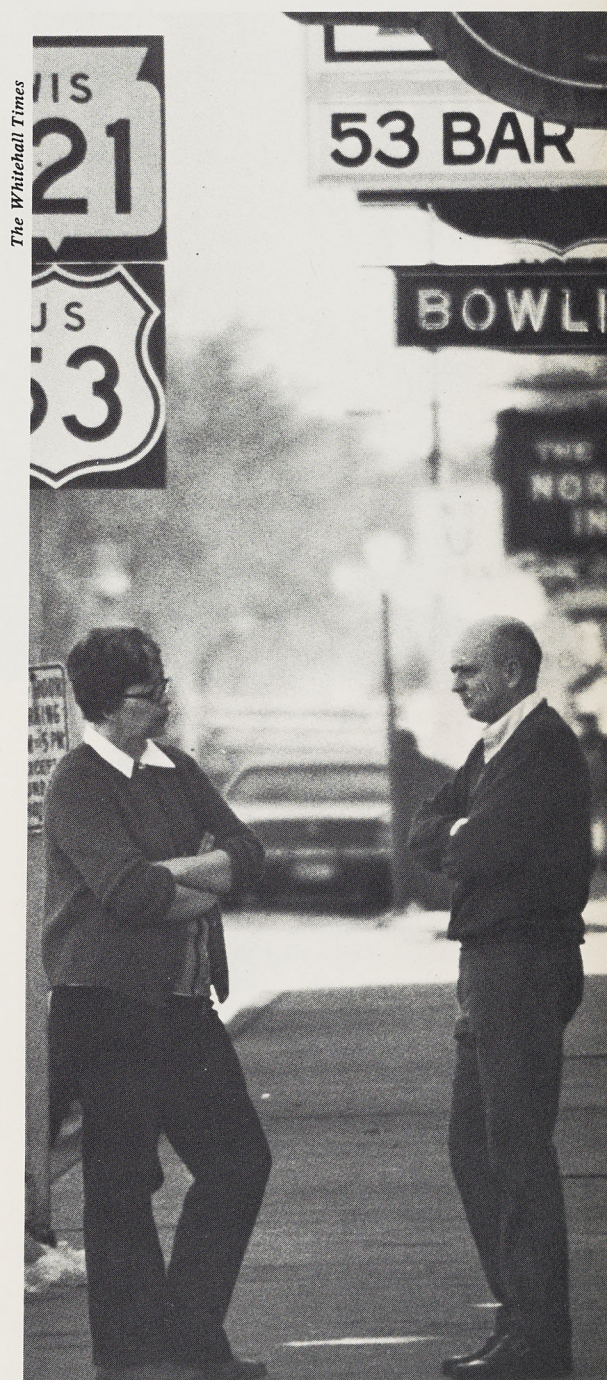
Sometimes Goodpaster draws on his long Washington experience. He indulges himself with a front-page column, where he does not hesitate to engage in a little Potomac punditry. But he misses Washington not at all. "Once in a while," he says, "I wouldn't mind a good expense-account meal, a meal on a white tablecloth. Otherwise, I miss only some of my friends there and the stimulation they gave me."

Yet the Whitehall adventure has had its dark moments. "It's hard, incredibly hard," he says. "The paper does not worry me; it's the pressure of owning a business that gnaws at me." Since he took over, circulation has risen by 250 to 2,450 paying subscribers. But the printing side of the business, which once accounted for 60% of revenues, now contributes only 40%.

Goodpaster has also found himself

doing things he had vowed not to. "I promised myself that if the press broke down, I would put my feet up on the desk and have a beer. But I can't do it. My biggest disappointment is that I break into a sweat when malfunctions occur. A news crisis I can deal with. But a mechanical breakdown scares me. I am a captive of the machinery."

Now that he is more familiar with his routine, he is more confident. Goodpaster recognizes that the final verdict on his great adventure is yet to come. "I wanted my own identification and more impact, and I got it here," he says. "But the pressure has been incredible."



Ed Goodpaster on Main Street

WINSTON-SALEM JOURNAL

Wallace Carroll was U.P.'s chief European correspondent in the 1930s. He was present when Ethiopia's King Haile Selassie made his dramatic appeal for help before the League of Nations. He covered the London blitz.

After World War II, he decided to take a job as executive news editor of the morning *Journal* and afternoon *Sentinel* newspapers in Winston-Salem,

during my first stay in Winston-Salem I had developed a very strong sense of community pride. You can start something and the people will give you support. You can get things done."

There was, in fact, much to do. The civil rights movement was sweeping the South, and Winston-Salem had one of the largest percentage of blacks of any city in North Carolina. In determining the policy for his paper's editorial stand, Carroll decided it was possible to try to create "a climate of

Lunchtime for Carroll was a time to attend to the civic side of his job. Frequently he made speeches—or brought in big names like Dean Acheson from his glamorous past. But he often paused at midday to spend a meal with people from the project closest to his heart—the North Carolina School of the Arts. "It is a truly unique concept, and we are lucky to have it here," says Carroll of the state-supported institution that trains outstanding high school and college students along artistic lines. Instructors have included Dancer Agnes de Mille and Guitarist Andrés Segovia. Carroll also pushed for creation of the North Carolina Dance Theater, and he encouraged his newspapers to expand their coverage of the arts.

Carroll feels "it's very important to get back to the heart of the country. Washington is a very rarefied atmosphere. People there are totally unaware of what people are thinking in the rest of the country."

Carroll's last day of work was Dec. 31. Now he has shed his conservative business suits in favor of tweed jackets and flannel shirts. Since he retired, he has not entered the newspapers' offices. "I've had my go; now it's someone else's turn," he says. He plans to pursue his interest in the arts and write an occasional poem.

THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC

"I made the transition the easy way," laughs Harold K. (Heinie) Milks, once Watson Sims's colleague at the A.P. and now managing editor of the Phoenix-based *Arizona Republic*. "I came to the paper as Latin Affairs editor, and for three or four years I continued to be involved in international stories." Milks, in fact, never felt much desire to run a newspaper; he was too content reporting.



Jim Keith

Wallace Carroll and Dean Acheson

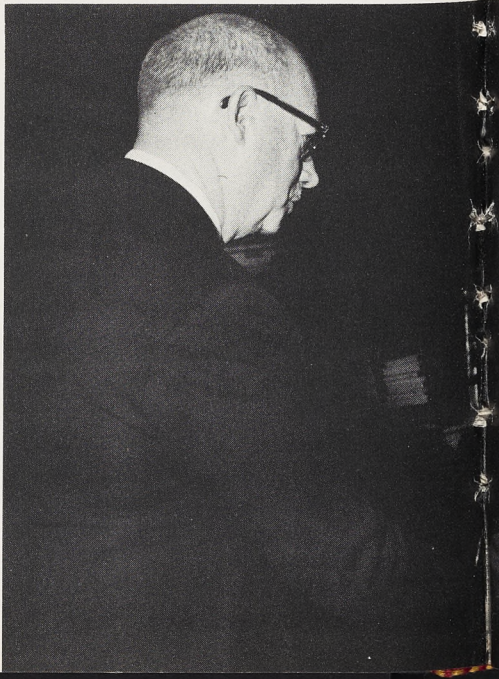
N.C. "I had never lived in the South before," he recalls, "and I thought, hell, this is more foreign than any assignment I've ever had before." He went about learning the South as he would have a foreign country—"trying to understand the people and what made them what they are." He liked, journalistically, what he found. "In community journalism, you're closer to your readers. They are quicker to respond—to pat you on the back or to give you hell."

However, Carroll could not resist when James Reston, an old Associated Press rival from London days and later Washington bureau chief of the *New York Times*, invited him to Washington to become his deputy. He left Winston-Salem in 1955 to become chief of operations of the *Times* bureau. But after eight years, he returned to the *Journal* and *Sentinel*, this time as editor and publisher. "I've always heard you can't go home again, but

reason." Thanks in part to this decision, the city achieved relative racial amity without violent upheaval.

Carroll also felt strongly about the environment. He protested against the activities of a mining company which threatened to strip the unspoiled mountains in northwest North Carolina, and southwest Virginia. His editorial broadsides against what he called a "desecration" helped bring about an anti-strip mining bill in North Carolina.

Carroll was similarly incensed when two large dams were proposed on North Carolina and Virginia's New River, one of the last unspoiled waterways in the East. The impoundments to be created would have flooded 5,000 people from their homes in northwest North Carolina. "I decided that unless we helped, we were a pretty sorry newspaper," he says. For all its environment efforts, the *Journal* and *Sentinel* won a Pulitzer Prize for Community Service in 1971.



Milks and Generalissimo Francisco Franco

During his 28 years of foreign postings for the A.P. he had lived in 15 countries and drawn choice assignments. In 1946 he covered General George Marshall's peace mission to China and stayed on for three years chronicling the rise of Mao Tse-tung. Later, as bureau chief in New Delhi and Moscow, he covered Nehru and Khrushchev at the peak of their power. In 1959, as chief in Havana, he watched the Fidel Castro takeover and filed during the last six weeks of that assignment from the safety of a friendly foreign embassy.

His last big foreign story was the 81-day search for the missing H-bomb that fell from a crippled B-52 off the coast of Palomares in Spain. After that, he recalls, "my wife Evelyn and I thought we might try living at home."

Somewhat to his surprise, he does not find much difference between running a newspaper in Arizona and managing an A.P. bureau abroad. "The approach is not the same," he says, "but the satisfaction is just as great. One variation is that you can go a long time abroad without seeing your name in print. Here I see it every day." At Phoenix, he observes the same principles that he did abroad. "I don't let personal contact interfere with the publication of stories. I don't slant news for friends. And I think most of them appreciate this."

Milks finds that he is constantly in demand for luncheons and speeches. The latter are far from his favorite activity, but the constant exposure has its rewards. "I find much closer day-to-day friendships in this job than was possible abroad."

Milks likes his job. "I don't have time to be bored," he says. This is no idle boast. Milks has taken only one week's vacation in the last three years, and at 65 has no intention of retiring.

The Southampton Press



Louchheim in Chad



"I felt more and more divorced living abroad. I'd covered everything, from female circumcision rites in Chad to a conference on International Drawing Rights. I began to feel Olympian. I felt I should get involved again. I wanted to look the people I wrote about in the eye."

Now Donald H. Louchheim is deep into planning and zoning, schools and churches, politics, police beats and bake sales. At 36, with experience as the *Washington Post's* African correspondent, European economic correspondent and Paris bureau chief behind him, he is publisher and editor in chief of three small Long Island weeklies—the *Southampton Press*, the *Hampton Chronicle* and the *Hampton Bays News*.

"These papers were so bad when I got here that there was no place to go but up. They were taken for granted. They were bought and largely unread. I've made them interesting. I never would have bought a really good paper." Circulation has increased 45%, and the ad lineage has more than doubled since Louchheim took over 2½ years ago. But they still don't make much money, and so Louchheim pays himself a modest salary—\$9,500 a year.

"You're continually besieged in a small community with demands. So-and-so got drunk; don't take it off the police blotter. A merchant has refurbished a store window; he wants a picture in the paper. A group is going to have a benefit and it wants front-page publicity for three weeks. In the course of six months, we will have made every single person in town angry."

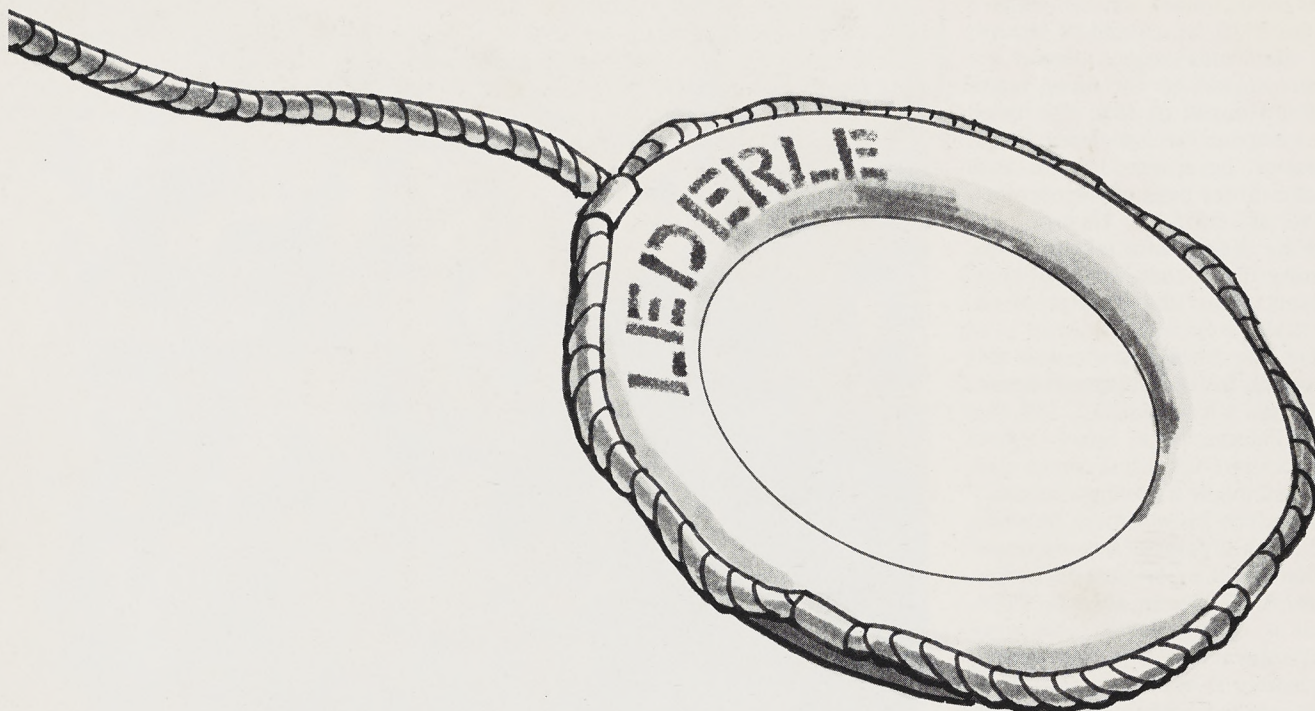
"I hate being an employer. I hate hiring and firing. I never had a job before that I couldn't walk away from. If I walk away here, I'll have a pack of angry bankers on my tail."

Louchheim worked a seven-day week at first, but has reduced that to a 60-hour week. He tried to take a one-week vacation last year but found the effort preparing for his absence made the holiday unenjoyable. "That I don't like—the feeling of being chained."

The new career is compelling: "I'm interested in the Elks, the Lions, the new traffic light, in the garden club planting a new bed of flowers. I think a newspaper should chronicle these things. I want to be respected as the publisher of an honest, credible, relevant newspaper."

But when the day is done, Louchheim misses the camaraderie of being a foreign correspondent. "I miss having colleagues. I miss having resources to draw on. What I miss most is that after-the-story relaxation with colleagues where you talk it over—that charge after the story. That I really miss."





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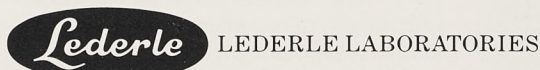
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- A large silhouette of a person's head in profile, facing right, which serves as a frame for several smaller photos.
- Two men in shirts and ties looking at a piece of electronic equipment or a control panel.
- A man wearing a hard hat and safety glasses working with machinery.
- A wide shot of a modern building with large glass windows and a curved walkway where people are walking.
- An interior view of a library with tall bookshelves and study tables.
- A courtyard area with trees and a paved path.
- A woman speaking or gesturing during a presentation.
- A man in a lab coat and glasses working with scientific equipment, possibly a microscope or pipette.
- A man in a shirt and tie operating a control panel with many buttons.
- A portrait of a man wearing a fedora hat.
- Two men in suits walking down steps outdoors.
- Two men standing outdoors near a tree.

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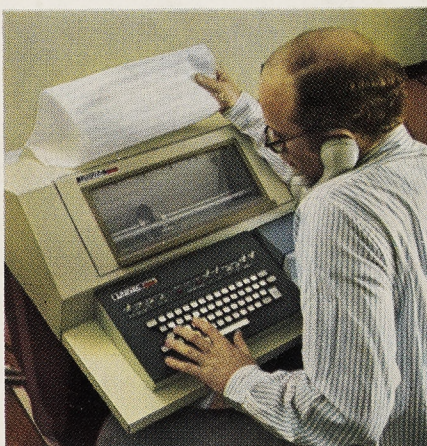
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